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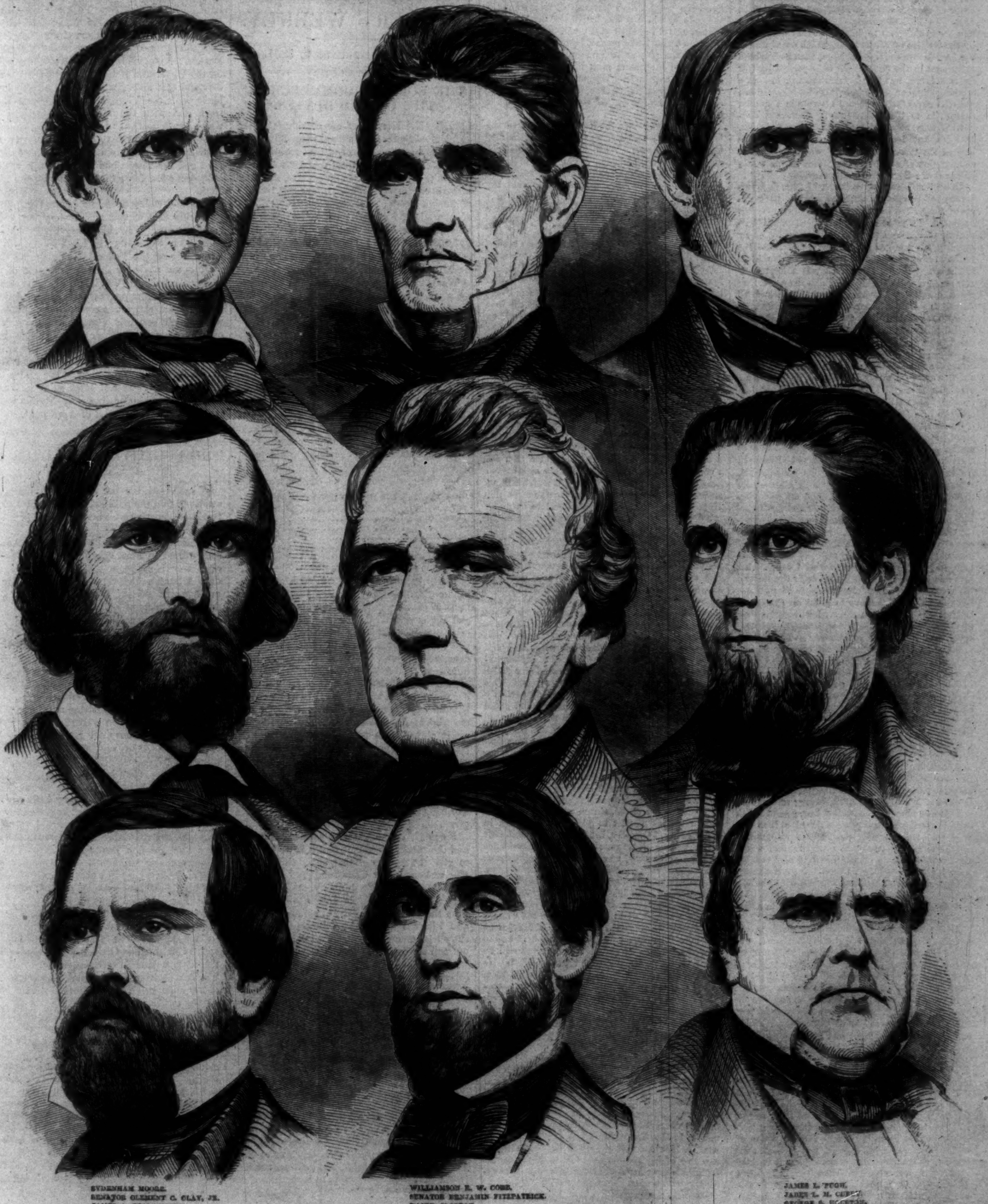


SYDENHAM MOORE.
SENATOR CLEMENT C. CLAY, JR.
JAMES A. STALLWORTH.

WILLIAMSON R. W. COBB.
SENATOR BENJAMIN FITZPATRICK.
DAVID CLOPTON.

JAMES L. PUGH.
JABEZ L. M. CURRY.
GEORGE S. HOUSTON.

THE SECEDING ALABAMA DELEGATION IN CONGRESS.—Photographed by Brady.—[See next Page.]

THE SECEDING ALABAMA DELEGATION IN CONGRESS.

BENJAMIN FITZPATRICK, the senior Senator from the State of Alabama, is, by the vote of his associates, President, *pro tempore*, of the Senate, which would give him the position of Vice-President should Mr. Breckinridge be called to the highest position in the republic. He was born in Georgia, in June, 1802, and was left an orphan at an early age, with no other educational advantages than those afforded by the "old field schools" near his rural home. In 1815 he emigrated, with an elder brother, to the fertile valley of the Alabama River, then being settled, and where he has since resided. Prosecuting his studies, he read law, and in 1821 was admitted to the bar, where he soon so distinguished himself that he was elected District-Attorney, and re-elected in 1825, and again in 1829. Application to the arduous duties of this position injured his health, and he retired to a plantation, where he has since given decided proofs of agricultural information and practical skill. In 1840 he was nominated as a Presidential Elector on the Democratic ticket, and succeeded in stemming the popular tide by giving the vote of Alabama to Martin Van Buren. In 1841 he was elected Governor of the State, which position he occupied in 1845. In 1852 Governor Collier appointed him Senator in Congress to fill the vacancy occasioned by the election of W. R. King, which appointment the Legislature confirmed. Since then he has been prominent in the Senate, not only personally (for he is a large, fine-looking gentleman), but as a working member, who rarely intrudes his opinions, but who never fails to record his vote in a manner acceptable to his constituents. Governor Fitzpatrick was nominated on the ticket with Mr. Douglas, but declined the honor; and has since headed the "co-operationists," who advocate the co-operation of all the Slave States in the establishment of a Southern Confederacy.

CLEMENT CLAIRBORNE CLAY, Alabama's favorite son and Senator, is already known to the readers of *Harper's Weekly*, in which his biography has appeared. The son of that noble-hearted Virginian, Governor Clay, who filled nearly every office in his adopted State of Alabama, and the husband of one of the most accomplished daughters of the sunny South, Senator Clay is a Representative man of that fertile land which the wandering red-men called "Alabama," or "Here we rest." A graduate of the University of Alabama, and the Law-school of the University of Virginia; the successful editor of the *Flag of the Union* newspaper; noted as an able lawyer and as a vigilant District-Attorney; an active member of the Alabama Legislature for several years; and an able judge of the circuit-court—he was well qualified, in 1853, to occupy the Senatorial seat which his father had adorned. Since then, his course has been unwavering in bringing about the independent position of Alabama now just taken; yet he has ever enjoyed the personal respect and esteem of his associates, even of those who have regarded him as their uncompromising political foe, as he has stood before them the champion of his constituents. "Identified as I am," said he, "with Alabama by my birth, education, interest, and affection—regarding her as 'my nursing mother and my grave'—indebted to her for the highest honors and greatest trusts she could bestow, and standing here as one of her embassadors in this Council Chamber of sovereign States, I feel it my duty, as well as privilege, to justify or excuse, as far as I can, all her acts relating to her sister States or to the Federal Government."......If she yields to Republican control, "she will deserve to suffer all the wrong and all the shame you can and will accumulate upon her head. But as honor, interest, self-preservation—all that is dear to freemen—all urge her to maintain her individuality and equality as sovereign States, either within or without the Union, I trust she will give you full demonstration of her courage and self-reliance, by refusing any the least concession to your demands, and by resenting your menaces and repelling your attempts at coercion in such manner as will prove that the spirit of the fathers, who, at Yorktown and at New Orleans, consummated in triumph our two wars of independence, yet lives in her sons."

JAMES A. STALLWORTH, who represents the first or Mobile District in the House of Representatives, was born in Conecuh County, Alabama, on the 7th of April, 1822. After having received an academical education he studied law, passed a high examination, and has since enjoyed a lucrative practice. He was twice elected District-Attorney for the circuit in which he practices, and was a member of the State Legislature from 1845 to 1848. After having been defeated by the Know Nothings, he was, in 1857, elected to Congress, where he is a universal favorite, ever ready with an anecdote or a repartee, yet none the less determined in maintaining the rights of his native State.

JAMES L. PUGH, the Representative from the second Congressional District of Alabama, was born in Burke County, Georgia, in 1820, and received his education at the La Grange Academy, of which Otis Smith was the distinguished principal. Removing to Alabama, he commenced the practice of law, and is said to have no equal in the State before a jury. He was an unsuccessful candidate for Congress in 1849, when Henry W. Hilliard defeated him by a small vote, and left the Whig party in 1850, since when he has been a thorough-going secessionist. Since he has been in Congress he has taken no part in the transaction of business, having expressed his "solemn conviction that no amount of effort, however well directed and praiseworthy, can ever rescue the Constitution from the perils which surround it, or restore the government to its original purity, or perpetuate it in that form." The Territorial action of Judge Douglas, in his opinion, was such that the Southern Democracy could not indorse it without stultifying themselves; and he urged, in January, 1860, a speedy termination of the Union in case the Republicans carried the Presidential election, saying: "The truest conservatism and wisest statesmanship demand a speedy termination of all association with such confederates, and the formation of another union of States, homogeneous in population, institutions, interests, and pursuits. Such a confederacy (said he) would be imperishable, and present to the world a contented, happy, prosperous, powerful people, in the enjoyment of the highest perfection of civilization and free government."

DAVID CLOPTON, the Representative from the Tuskegee District of Alabama, was born in Putnam County, Georgia, about 1820, and graduated at Oxford College, in that State; after which he removed to his present residence, where he commenced a highly lucrative practice at the bar. After filling several responsible positions at home, he was elected a member of the present Congress, where he has distinguished himself as a reformer of the printing abuses. Mr. Clopton has always been a State Rights man, and a believer in the reserved power of secession as the only remedy of sectional differences. "We do not desire war," said he, in a speech delivered during the struggle for the Speakership of the Thirty-sixth Congress; "the policy of the South would be peace. But whenever this Government, in the opinion of the Southern people, shall have failed to accomplish the ends for which it was instituted, the Southern States, exercising their right, will abolish it, and institute a new Government, laying its foundation in such principles, and organizing it in such forms, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Whenever they see proper to exercise these rights, then, if war comes, it must come from the North. If war must come, let it come."

SYDENHAM MOORE, the Representative from the Greensborough District, was born in Rutherford County, Tennessee. When he was a lad his parents removed to Alabama, where he received an academical education, and afterward completed his studies at the State University. Studying law, he was admitted to the bar, and was in a short time appointed Judge of the Green County Court, where he presided for six years, when he was transferred to the bench of the Circuit Court. No sooner were volunteers called for to reinforce General Taylor, after his gallant victories at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, than Alabama hastened to tender a regiment of mounted volunteers, which was mustered into service in June, 1846. Mr. Moore was captain of one of the first raised companies, and served a twelvemonth on the Rio Grande, and subsequently in Scott's forces at Vera Cruz, Alvarado, Tampico, and Jalapa. On his return, in 1847, he was elected Brigadier-General of Militia; and in 1857 he was elected to Congress, where he has taken a rather conservative course, and been a valuable "working member" of the Committee on the Library. When classed by a Northern member among the fire-eaters, or disunionists, he said, in the course of some extended remarks, the next day: "I do not profess to belong to the class of disunionists, if there be such a class in the South, who desire disunion of itself. I come from a State which is, and has at all times been, loyal to the Constitution, but which will be as ready to take ground for a disruption of this Union, in case the rights guaranteed to us under the Constitution are infringed, as any State in the Union."

GEORGE S. HOUSTON, the Representative from the Athens district, is one of the most prominent members of the House, where his commanding form and stentorian voice are always to be seen and heard when an attempt is made to smuggle through appropriations not strictly constitutional or economical. He also is a Tennesseean by birth, but has resided near his present home since his boyhood, occupying a high position at the bar, and having repeatedly been honored with local and State offices. He was first elected a Representative to Congress in 1841, and has served since, with the exception of the Thirty-first Congress. This long service has rendered Mr. Houston perfectly familiar with "parliamentary tactics," and given him a commanding position as a party-leader, in whose honesty, devotion to principle, and inflexible hostility to the schemes of the lobby, all have confidence. While acknowledging the importance and magnitude of the questions growing out of African slavery, he has taken a great interest in the tariff and other practical issues, and has steadfastly opposed extravagant expenditures.

WILLIAMSON R. W. COBB, who represents the most populous district in Alabama, was born in Ray County, Tennessee, in 1807, and the next year was taken by his parents to his present residence in Madison County, where he was brought up on a farm, receiving a good common-school education. In 1845 he was elected to the State Legislature, and at the close of his term, in 1847, was elected to the National House of Representatives, where he has since served, and has now become the "senior member." During this long term of service he has ever taken the part of "the people;" and to him the soldiers of the Mexican war should be grateful for the Bounty Land Bill of 1850. He also "engineered" the Graduation Bill of 1854, with other important measures calculated to benefit the laboring classes; but he has been pre-eminent as an advocate of the Union. In 1849 he introduced a series of resolutions into the House that were the first steps toward the compromise of the ensuing year; and since then it has been his boast that he has, to use his own words, "battled against the wildest fanaticism of disunion sentiments, and—thank God!—triumphed."

JABEZ L. M. CURRY, the Representative from the Talladega District, was born in Lincoln County, Georgia, June 5, 1825, and removed with his father to his present residence in 1838. After graduating at the University of Georgia, in 1843, he went to Harvard College, where he went through a course of legal studies, and after receiving his diploma returned to Alabama, where he at once entered upon an extensive practice. When the war with Mexico began, in 1846, he joined the Texan Rangers, but was forced to return on account of ill health; and was the following year elected to the State Legislature, to which he was re-elected in 1853 and in 1855. In 1857 he was elected to Congress, where he has taken a commanding position as a statesman and as an orator. Nature has endowed him with a mind so active that he can apparently discover, by a glance so rapid as to seem intuition, those truths which common capacities struggle hard to comprehend, while his genius enables him to enforce by argument, and his accomplishments to illustrate, those topics upon which he addresses the House. While he believes that each State "has the right of secession, the right of interposition for the arrest of evils within its limits," and while he boldly asserts the sovereignty of the State to which he owes his "first and last allegiance," he has never failed to recognize "the true and loyal men in Congress, and in the North, who are ready to lock shields with the South in defense of the Constitution and the Union, which is its creature; and to hope that, in the irrepressible conflict which may be here or elsewhere, they may be able to rescue the Constitution of our country from the polluting touch of those who would destroy it."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1861.

THE FOREIGN COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE official report of the commerce of the United States for the fiscal year ending 30th June last has been published, and reveals some interesting facts. The fiscal year 1859–'60 was, both in regard to imports and exports, the most active in our history. We imported $362,163,941 of foreign goods; and exported $400,122,296 of domestic and foreign produce, leaving a balance in favor of the United States equal to $37,958,355. This balance is the secret of the extraordinary decline in foreign exchange which we have witnessed during the past few weeks.

We place on record, for purposes of future reference, a few figures showing the progress of our foreign trade:

OUR FOREIGN IMPORTS.

1855–'56	$314,639,942
1856–'57	360,890,141
1857–'58	282,613,150
1858–'59	338,768,130
1859–'60	362,163,941

The year 1859–'60 is slightly in excess of 1856–'57, the year preceding the crisis of 1857; all other years fall considerably below. The foreign imports in 1860–'61 will not probably exceed those of 1858–'59. In 1859–'60 more goods were imported than the country could take; hence a reduction of orders; and besides, the revolution at the South shuts off that market.

OUR EXPORTS OF DOMESTIC PRODUCE.

1853–'54	$278,241,064
1854–'55	275,156,846
1855–'56	326,964,908
1856–'57	362,960,682
1857–'58	324,644,421
1858–'59	342,279,491
1859–'60	382,788,662

It will be noticed that 1859–'60 is considerably in advance of any previous year. Our exports of cotton that year were unusually heavy, and the export of bullion was also above the average. The export of breadstuffs was quite light, the European crops in 1859 having been good, and our own less than an average. The returns of 1860–'61 will show a remarkable contrast to those of 1859–'60. It is probable that our cotton export will be less than in that year, but our export of food will be the largest ever recorded. As, however, we are sending no specie abroad, it is probable that the total export of domestic produce in 1860–'61 will not exceed that of 1858–'59.

We need hardly observe that the above table does not include foreign goods re-exported, and that our total exports are from $20,000,000 to $27,000,000 in excess of the aggregates therein given.

So much is thought and said about specie and the specie movement, that it is worth while to give the figures of that also. It is generally reckoned that California produces about $55,000,000 of specie annually, and that a further sum—of uncertain amount—is derived from the gold-mines of the Carolinas, Georgia, and Pike's Peak. The following table will show how much, if any, of the gold taken from our soil is retained in the country:

THE SPECIE MOVEMENT.

Years.	Imports.	Exports.	Net Exports.
1853–'54	$6,958,184	$41,436,456	$34,478,272
1854–'55	3,659,812	56,247,343	52,587,531
1855–'56	4,207,632	45,745,485	41,537,853
1856–'57	12,461,799	69,136,922	56,675,123
1857–'58	19,274,496	52,633,147	33,358,651
1858–'59	7,434,789	63,887,411	56,452,622
1859–'60	8,550,135	66,546,239	55,996,104

A SOUTHERN TRANSATLANTIC STEAM LINE.

WE have reason to believe that negotiations are on foot which may lead to the establishment of a line of ocean steamers between Norfolk, Virginia, and Havre, France, touching at New York going and coming. The political troubles in the Southern States seem to have thrown obstacles in the way of the usual exports of cotton from Southern ports. Some of the leading planters and their financial agents have, consequently, begun to examine the facilities afforded by Northern ports for the export of the staple.

The advantages of New York as a shipping port naturally strike the eye at once. We have the capital, the apparatus, the ships, the harbor, and the internal communications. Cotton can be sent from points south of Memphis to Liverpool, *via* New York, about as cheaply as *via* New Orleans. Such is the rivalry among our railroads, in fact, that if the trade became brisk perhaps this route would prove the cheapest.

But if Norfolk or Baltimore entered into the competition, they would enjoy advantages over New York. By the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad Norfolk is now in direct connection with Memphis. If a line of steamers were established between Norfolk and Havre, they could rely upon a full cargo of cotton each trip eastward; and there is every reason to believe that they would come westward heavily freighted with French goods for New Orleans and St. Louis. At present New York receives all the European freights for the Mississippi cities. They could be imported more cheaply *via* Norfolk, if only a steam line were established to Norfolk; Memphis being the distributing point for the Upper and Lower Mississippi. We understand that arrangements have already been made with the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, and with the Mississippi steamers, by which passengers and freight can be sent through from Havre to New Orleans or St. Louis, *via* the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad and the Mississippi River, at a considerable reduction from the present rate *via* New York.

The subject has been laid before the leading steamship men of this city, and is now under consideration. The chief difficulty in the way seems to be the doubt whether Virginia will be a member of the Federal Union at the time matters are ready for the establishment of the ocean service. If Virginia goes out of the Union, steamship proprietors apprehend difficulties about clearances and foreign alliances, which might seriously interfere with the success of the enterprise. Their apprehensions may be gratuitous; but capital is proverbially timid. If it were certain that Virginia and Tennessee were going to remain in the Union, we think it morally certain, from what we know, that the transatlantic line from Norfolk would be in operation by the 1st of April next.

THE FUGITIVE-SLAVE CASE IN CANADA.

A VERY striking law case, which may shed some light on the political status of the British Provinces, is at present occupying public attention.

Some seven years ago a slave named Anderson, owned in Missouri, in attempting to escape from bondage, was stopped by a planter named Seneca Digges, and, in a struggle to avoid being seized, stabbed Mr. Digges to death. Anderson escaped to Canada. In 1860 he was recognized there. The proper affidavits were laid before the Missouri courts, and the Governor of that State claimed the fugitive under the Extradition Treaty. The Court of Queen's Bench at Toronto, Sir John Robinson presiding, held the case proven, and directed the return of Anderson. An appeal was taken to the Judges sitting in error. Since then the Secretary of the British Anti-Slavery Society, the famous Mr. Chamerowzow, has applied to the Court of Queen's Bench at Westminster Hall, London, England, for a writ of habeas corpus, directing the Canadian Sheriff to produce the body of Anderson at Westminster, and the court has granted the writ.

The case is unprecedented, so far as Canada is concerned. Cases have occurred in which criminals in the Islands of Jersey and Man have been brought before the Court at Westminster under writs of habeas corpus. But this is the first case in which a Canadian court has been interfered with by Westminster Hall. The issue will shed light on the nature of the independence which Canada enjoys. It has always been supposed that the British courts had no jurisdiction in Canada, except on appeal to the British Privy Council from judgments by the highest judicial tribunal in the Provinces. The new decision goes to prove that the British courts enjoy original as well as appellate jurisdiction in Canada.

We may notice, in connection with this subject, the singular delusion under which some of our journals and politicians seem to be laboring with regard to Canada. They seem to think that, in the event of a separation between the Northern and the Southern States, Canada would leap into the arms of the former. They evidently know very little about Canada or the Canadian people. Canadians are intensely loyal to their Sovereign; and intensely hostile to Americans and American institutions. They are just as likely to accept the rule of Napoleon the Third as to enter the Northern Confederacy. No doubt they are very wrong. But just now our own Government is not working well enough to justify us in abusing them for declining to join us. In Canada they have a Government.

THE REAL CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.

We willingly give place to the following letter, which explains itself:

"Macon, Georgia, *Jan.* 24, 1861.

"Messrs. Harper and Brothers,—Permit me to address you a few lines, as a friend, and from an old association of feeling, from having worked in your office in 1821 and 1822. I have favorable associations connected with it, when the elder associate was married, and Wesley and Fletcher Harper were apprentices. I helped to move your office on a cold morning, in 1822, from the north to the south side of Pearl Street, over the book-store of Collins & Hannay, and completed my portion of the work so as to distribute a handful of letter before breakfast. I do not think, from what I saw three years ago, that your office could now be removed in so short a time. But the above is not the object of my writing. I have taken your *Monthly* and *Weekly*, since the commencement of their publication, through our book-stores—I have noticed many articles in your *Weekly*, as *news items*, with regard to Southern affairs—scarcity of provisions and their prices, etc., which are either highly exaggerated or entirely false. I know the state of the country well, and it does not admit of any such assertions as I see in your columns. I will only say that, although our grain crops were only *middling* last year, we have plenty in our State to protect every one from hunger or starvation. Also, that very few are out of employment who are disposed to work; and in a short time there will be more labor than laborers to perform it. It is true, that there is some stagnation in business here, and the usual amount of fine goods have not been imported by our merchants for a short time past. This is all very well for us—as the stock now on hand is sufficient for the next two years—and may tend for a time to check past extravagance with those who think they have "got nothing to eat or nothing to wear," while all that is necessary is in abundance about them. Such items as I have referred to are calculated to irritate sensitive people in the political ferment we are undergoing. Yours, respectfully, S. Rose."

We will only remark that the paragraphs alluded to by our correspondent were taken from the Macon correspondence of the New York *Herald*, a journal not generally supposed to be unfair to the South. Some other paragraphs which have appeared in our news columns, and which have led to some abuse of this journal in the New Orleans *Delta* and other Southern papers, were taken from the same source, or others of equal responsibility. Our object in compiling our summary of news is to present the truth to our readers: when, in following our daily contemporaries, we are led into error, it will always afford us pleasure to be set right.

THE LOUNGER.

A PAINTER'S STUDIO.

The student of the history of American Art will never fail to be struck with the fact that Washington Allston, after long golden years in Italy and Europe, returned to America and settled himself quietly in the village, or town, or city of Cambridgeport, one of the populous neighborhoods in which the solid city of Boston ravels out into country, and precisely the last spot that the imagination would hold to be propitious to the higher forms of art. That in the vicinity of a few miles dwells the most cultivated society of the region is very probable; but still you feel that the artist who sits down for life in Cambridgeport has a profound faith in himself and his art.

Somehow our artists gravitate to New York. There are good ones and true in Philadelphia, but they have not the same kind of audience and prestige which are secured in New York. And the other day, in Boston—a cold, chilly, Boston day—stumbling through streets mealy with snow and crowded with hurrying people, a party of three friends, like good Mr. James's two horsemen, might have been seen making their way to a studio. To a studio in Boston? Say, rather, to the heart of Italy and Spain. Winter, Boston, disunion, hurry, disappeared; and we were all golden idlers once more in youth and Italy. That is the delight and secret power of the studio in America. We pretend to go to buy pictures or to sit for a portrait; but it is really that we may travel back again toward morning, and the hour "of glory in the grass and splendor in the flower."

The charm of Hamilton Wild's studio is not only that the subjects of the pictures are Spanish or Italian life and scenery, but that the spirit and treatment of them are so likewise; and they are Italian in the sense that the Italian painting is the truest painting of all. Like Page, Wild is a Venetian, in no imitative sense, but because he believes the school of Venice to have been the greatest in the world, and Titian, Tintoretto, Giorgione, and their friends to have been, in the strictest sense of the words, the greatest painters. He has studied them as Tennyson has studied Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton; and with what sympathy he has studied, the remarkable development of his power since he went away, seven or eight years ago, attests.

Upon an easel stood a curtained picture. We talked of Venice and the artist threw the curtain back. The picture was Venice and Italy as Titian's portraits are. The first profound impression as the eye fell upon it was that of sumptuousness, richness, and passionate sadness. Then came the outline of the story of the picture, and then the study of the mechanical treatment, the manipulation upon the costly, exquisitely wrought frame which held the picture, as a fit casket a ruby, was graved in German text, *La belle dame sans merci.* You remember the line in Keats's "St. Agnes Eve," and his ballad in Leigh Hunt's "Indicator."

"Ah! what can ail thee, wretched wight!
So haggard and so wobegone,
The squirrel's granary is full,
And harvest's done."

It is not *that* lady. It is not Keats's lady at all. It is its own conception, its own poem. A lady attired as poets see, in gorgeous velvets, and full sleeves caught with jewels, and buttoned with pearls, lightened with muslin and heavy with costly texture, holds and touches a lute of ebony and ivory and box-wood. The face, smaller than life, looks straight at you, straight and calm and snowy cold, with heavy black hair waving low along the clear, pale forehead, and glittering eyes that turn your eyes away. It is snow, dazzling, serene, pure. But it is not snow that ever melts into impetuous torrents and dashes headlong. Just behind her as she sings leans a youth of the inexpressible tawny beauty of the Italian peasant, his eyes drooping in a dreamy, far-off gaze, beholding her at his side, yet inaccessible forever.

The painting of the picture is masterly. The wood is wood, the ivory ivory, the velvet velvet, and the hair hair. The skill of the hand waits upon the poetic brain—otherwise, quoth an artist, there is no painter.

What, then, is a painter? I asked.

He who sees pictorially and who can make pictures; or, again, he who sees in nature what is susceptible of adequate representation under the conditions of painting, and who is master of those conditions. A poet without an eye for color could not be a painter. A poet with an eye for color, but no hand for it, is no more a painter than the other. To indicate with chalk or charcoal or color that you have a fine conceit or a noble thought, is not to be a painter. If Titian had drawn the Presentation in crayon, it would not have been a great picture.

While we talked, Wild placed another picture upon the easel—a woman of Albano looking intently from a window into a tender Italian landscape, with Soracte upon the horizon and the stone pines, that of themselves are Italy. The profile is perfect, the face shadowless, the complexion a wonder of cool gray splendor, the dress with a square neck—all simple, tranquil, beautiful. The beauty of the face is in curious contrast with that of the other picture: the tender, pensive droop of passion, and an alluring inward loveliness.

There was a smaller picture of a Spanish girl, and studies of scenes and character and costume in Spain and Italy. There was also a reminiscence of a villa near Sienna—a morning-reading under the cypresses and ilexes. Old Walter Savage Landor, Robert Browning, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Story, the sculptor of the Zenobia—O bliss of summer idlesse!

As Mr. Wild's pictures are seen, his remarkable merit will be conceded. The dullest eye can not be blind to the richness of color, and the most delicate imagination will delight in the purely poetic sentiment. It will be the loss of all of us if he does not exhibit at the Academy this year.

TO LITERARY ASPIRANTS.

"Sir,—A person who has unfortunately no acquaintance among editors or publishers, would like to make an engagement to furnish an occasional article for a paying paper or magazine. He is very anxious to receive a speedy equivalent for the accompanying.

"If, Sir, you can make it convenient and agreeable to aid a stranger by your influence in this matter, you will confer a lasting obligation upon one who is quite ashamed of the request—which is made in a kind of desperation, as a forlorn hope.

"An early answer would very much oblige,

"Yours, with much respect, —— ——."

This is the kind of note which every newspaper man or literary man receives. It is sad to read it: sad to think of the weary hope deferred that lies behind it. There is something so uncertain in the nature of literary success that nothing is more natural than that a person driven to his wits' ends should say, "Well, perhaps I am an author." The same person would not think of applying for employment at a book-bindery, if he knew nothing of book-binding; nor at a shoe-factory, if he knew nothing of shoe-making; nor would he seek any employment any where which required a positive knowledge and familiarity. No—nor would he try the publisher, if he could only know just what is required. But how can he, he argues, until he tries?

No one, if he has not been familiar with periodicals, thinks of the enormous number of failures in such applications. It is a matter in which very little goes by favor, and necessarily; for the editor of a Magazine contracts with the public to supply what seems to him to be good and valuable literature. If he insert what he knows to be poor, to gratify a friend, or from any personal motive, what happens? First, he breaks his contract with the publisher, because he was to furnish what seemed to him essentially good, and upon that understanding the publisher risked the enterprise. Second, he breaks the contract with the public. Third, he helps destroy his own reputation as an editor.

It can not be too often stated for the benefit of literary aspirants that a personal introduction to an editor is never necessary. If your object is to submit a manuscript to him, he prefers not to see you. He wishes to judge your work impersonally, and to be spared the possible confusion of a personal application. It is easier and shorter for him to write to you than to say to you, "Dear Sir, your paper does not suit." An editor can not give reasons. In such matters he acts by instinct. "This is good for the public: this is bad for the public," is the method of his ratiocination.

And let him not fear that his *MS.* will be overlooked. Manuscripts are *not* overlooked. If any thing is sent to a paper or magazine which seems serviceable it is accepted and used. It is sad for the author to reflect that his work does not appear because it is not considered suitable. But that is the reason, and rot because it has been lost or overlooked.

These words will be read by a great many persons who have tried, cr will one day try their luck at sending manuscripts to publishers. Let them send those manuscripts to the editor of the paper or magazine selected, and trust them to their own merits, for that is the test that will be ultimately applied to them by the editor.

THE VASSAR COLLEGE.

It is not long since we were talking of the singularly fascinating autobiography of Doctor Marie Zakrzweska, who, under remarkable difficulties, has gradually pushed up to a high and honorable and beloved position. But America means to be kinder to women than any country has been hitherto. As various duties are perfectly performed by them, the question whether they can possibly do them, and the imbecile sneer at "learned women," will sink into the proper contempt.

Here, for instance, is Matthew Vassar, a successful merchant of Poughkeepsie, who has endowed a college for women with the princely sum of four hundred thousand dollars. It is to be near Poughkeepsie. The spot is selected, and the plans of a proper building approved. When the charter is obtained and the trustees selected the work will go forward, and every generous heart will cry, God speed!

It is not to be a charity school exclusively, but there will be payment required of all who are able to pay, and the arrangements will save the others from the disadvantage of being considered charity scholars. This is a point that may be reconsidered. The true ground of a college so nobly endowed would be that all courses shall be open to all comers, upon the payment of an honorary fee. The best teachers and the most comprehensive and various studies are included in the plan. Physiology, anatomy, as well as the natural sciences, mathematics and literature will take their turn. In fact, it is intended that nothing shall be assumed about women's capacity or incapacity, but that the whole matter shall demonstrate itself.

Mr. Vassar, like Mr. Cooper, does not leave his design to be executed after he is gone, but will himself see his plan develop as he intends. That plan apparently contemplates nothing less than a University for women, and upon the most munificent foundation; and such are the monuments that our great fortunes build to their owners, and such the arguments by which the question, Whether art and literature and science can flourish without the patronage of kings? is answered. The City of New York, in the Astor Library and the Cooper Institute, and in the Central Park, has three answers to the question. Mr. Peabody's gift to Baltimore and his institution at Danvers are further indications. The Lawrence School at Cambridge is another, and the Lowell Institute in Boston.

There is as yet no advantage for the individual citizen proved to be peculiar to any monarchical system; and he must have a dull view of the necessary influence of our popular system who does not see that it is precisely the one in which the most of every kind is secured to every person. It is the royal heart, and not the royal hand, that lays the corner-stones of so many of our most humane enterprises.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE SYMPATHY OF HOLINESS.

On New-Year's Day the Pope received the French officers, and made some remarks to them which are of no consequence. But a letter from Rome informs us that "His Holiness also said that, in defending Gaeta, the French fleet serves a just and holy cause."

The Pope's Holiness has heretofore always been regarded as something peculiar; but now by his own showing it is of pretty much the same nature as the Holiness of the Bourbon dynasty of Naples. All right! The Holiness of the Inquisition does well to own its identity with the Holiness of the torture-chamber.

THE PARTING BETWEEN WISDOM AND FOLLY.

It is a very singular thing, but no less true than singular—true, we may say, to a hair—that if a man parts his hair down the middle, we are uncharitably apt to look upon him as a fool; but if a woman parts her hair down the side, we are generally inclined (and with equal want of charity, perhaps) to put her down as a clever woman.

"COUGH NO MORE!"

A great mistake is very often made in the treatment of coughs, which at seasons such as the present are very troublesome in families. The medicines prescribed for the relief of these distracting affections are generally sweetened, with a view to render them palatable. This is a great mistake. Instead of that, a cough mixture, especially if intended for children, ought to be rendered as nauseous as possible. Take of Compound Decoction of Aloes, Infusion of Gentian, Infusion of Senna, Vinegar of Squills, and Tincture of Assafœtida equal parts. Mix. A tea-spoonful or less, according to age, to be taken whenever the cough is troublesome. Such is the influence of the mind over the body, that if this compound is promptly and rigorously administered, the most troublesome cough will, in many instances, very soon cease from troubling.

INNOCENCE.

We copy the following from a recent number of *The Grandmother's Gazette:* "A pretty little child, being asked by her godpapa where cotton grew, replied, with the greatest simplicity, in gentlemen's ears."

A Tremendous Burst of Wit.—A wretched plumber, writing to another plumber, says, in a foot-note, "Piping times, these!"

The Principal Ornament that Ladies should Wear at a Rifle Ball.—Bugles.

MOTTO FOR A HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.

Nec scio, nec enim curo.

I neither understand, nor cure—oh! (*Freely translated.*)

Ned Shutter thus explained his reason for preferring to wear his stockings with holes to having them darned: "A hole," said he, "may be the accident of a day, and will pass upon the best gentleman; but a darn is premeditated poverty."

Cross Proverbs.—*Prov.* The more the merrier. *Cross.* Not so; one hand is enough in a purse. *Prov.* Nothing is hard to a willing mind. *Cross.* Yes, to get money. *Prov.* None so blind as they that will not see. *Cross.* Yes, they that can not see. *Prov.* Nothing but is good for something. *Cross.* Not so; nothing is not good for any thing. *Prov.* The world is a long journey. *Cross.* Not so; the sun goes it every day. *Prov.* It is a great way to the bottom of the sea. *Cross.* Not so; it is but a stone's cast.

Why don't you Bail him Out?—A man, very much intoxicated, was taken to the station-house. "Why did you not bail him out?" inquired a by-stander of a friend. "Bail him out!" exclaimed the other; "why, you could not *pump* him out!"

The importance of preserving a good reputation for truth and honesty is quite strikingly set forth in the following: A mortal fever prevailed on board ship at sea, and a negro man was appointed to throw the bodies of those who died from time to time overboard. One day, when the captain was on deck, he saw the negro dragging out of the forecastle a sick man, who was violently struggling to extricate himself from the negro's grasp, and remonstrating very bitterly against the cruelty of being buried alive. "What are you going to do with that man, you black rascal?" said the captain. "Going to throw him overboard, massa, 'cause he dead."—"Dead, you scoundrel!" said the captain; "don't you see he moves and speaks?"—"Yes, massa, I know he says he no dead, but he always lie so, nobody ever know when to believe him."

At a party a few evenings since, as a young gentleman named Frost was eating an apple in a quiet corner by himself, a young lady came up and gayly asked him why he did not share it with her. He good-naturedly turned the side which was not bitten toward her, saying, "Here, take it, if you wish."—"No, thank you," she exclaimed, looking at him archly. "I would rather have one that is not frost-bitten!" and ran off to join the company, leaving poor Frost with a thaw in his heart.

A Journey Down-Hill.—A gentleman lying on his death-bed called to his coachman, who had been an old servant, and said, "Ah, Tom! I am going a long and rugged journey, worse than ever you drove me."—"Oh, dear, Sir," replied the fellow (he having been an indifferent master), "never let that discourage you, for it's all down-hill."

A nice Distinction.—A witness on a recent trial in one of the superior courts admitted that she had seen the respondent "tipsy," but denied that she had seen her "drunk." Upon being asked to define the difference between the two expressions, she said that drunk meant "very stupid," but tipsy only meant "not bright."

Lord Eldon.—It was the habit of Lord Eldon, when Attorney-General, to close his speeches with some remarks justifying his own character. At the trial of Mr. Horne Tooke, speaking of his own reputation, he said: "It is the little inheritance I have to leave my children, and I will leave it unimpaired." Here he shed tears, and, to the astonishment of those present Mitford, the Solicitor-General, began to weep. "Just look at Mitford," said a by-stander to Horne Tooke. "What on earth is he crying for?" Tooke replied, "He is crying to think what a little inheritance Eldon's children are likely to get."

If a man's horses lose their tails, why should he sell them wholesale?—Because he can't re-tail them.

An Irish lover remarked that it is a great pleasure to be alone, especially when your "swate-heart is wid ye."

A Child's Possessions.—A woman appeared in the court of Louisville, recently, to be appointed guardian for her child, when the following colloquy ensued: "What estate has your child?"—"Plaze yer honor, I don't understand you."—Judge. "I say, what has she got?"—"Chills and faver, plaze yer honor."

"It Runs in the Blood!"—A certain king had a son born to him. The astrologers predicted that he would lose his sight if he were permitted to see either the sun or a woman before he had reached the age of ten years; on which account the king had him watched and brought up in dark caverns. After ten years were elapsed he caused him to be brought out, and showed him the world, and placed before him many fine jewels and fair damsels—telling him the names of every thing, and that the damsels were demons. Being asked what he liked the best, he replied, "The demons please me more than all the rest." The king then marveled greatly, saying, "What a powerful thing is female beauty!"

A *blind* man, led by a dog, while wandering in the streets of Paris, had his dog seized by some one passing; instantly opening his eyes he gave chase, and, overtaking the thief, cudgeled him severely; after which he closed his eyes and fell to begging again.

On one occasion, in the neighborhood of Hampstead Heath, a ruffianly driver was pommeling a miserable bare-boned hack-horse. Lord Erskine's sympathy provoked him to a smart remonstrance. "Why," said the fellow, "it's my own; mayn't I use it as I please?" And as he spoke, he discharged a fresh shower of blows on the raw back of the beast. Lord Erskine, excessively irritated, laid on his walking-stick sharply over the shoulders of the offender, who, crouching and grumbling, asked him what business he had to touch him with his stick. "Why," replied Erskine, to whom the opportunity of a joke was irresistible, "it is my own; mayn't I use it as I please?"

WIT AND WEALTH.

At Beauty's door of glass,
As Wit and Wealth once stood,
They asked her who should pass?
She answered, "He who could."
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass, but 'twould not do;
While Wit a diamond brought
And cut his bright way through.

"I'd just like to see you," as the blind man said to the policeman when he told him he would take him to the station-house if he did not move on.

A reverend sportsman was once boasting of infallible skill in finding a hare. "If," said a Quaker, who was present, "I were a hare, I would take my seat in a place where I should be sure of not being disturbed by thee from the first of January to the last of December."

"Why, where would you go?"

"Into thy study."

Tailors may not be a very terrible set of human beings, but we have seen many a military officer, who, although vain of his courage, couldn't look his tailor in the face.

A boy not fond of fun and frolic may possibly make a tolerable man, but he is an intolerable boy.

The Law's Delay.—A few years ago a cargo of ice was imported into England from Norway. Not having such an article on the Custom-house schedules, application was made to the Treasury and to the Board of Trade, and, after some little delay, it was decided that the ice should be entered as "*dry* goods;" but the whole cargo had melted before the doubt was cleared up!

Simplicity.—A little girl of four years old was recently called as a witness in the Durham police-court, and, in answer to the question as to what became of little girls who told lies, she innocently replied that they were sent to bed.

Refined Phraseology.—"You know, Madam, that you can not make a purse out of a sow's ear."—"Oh, Sir, please fan me. I have intimations of a swoon. When you use that odious specimen of vulgarity again clothe it in refined phraseology. Just say it is impossible to fabricate a pecuniary receptacle from the auricular organ of the soft sex of the genus swine."

Many persons are in advance of their age, but an old maid generally manages to be about ten years behind hers.

ON THE LADIES' POND.

LIKE swallows darting through the sky,
  Now here, now there, now far beyond,
Before the following wind we fly,
  And skim along the Ladies' Pond.

Bright arabesques of eyes and hair
  Around us ever changing wheel,
And the ice glitters every where
  With fairy feet and twinkling steel.

From fur-caps, where rich tassels sweep,
  And hoods with fluttering ribbons dressed,
Bright, glowing girlish faces peep
  Like robin redbreasts from a nest.

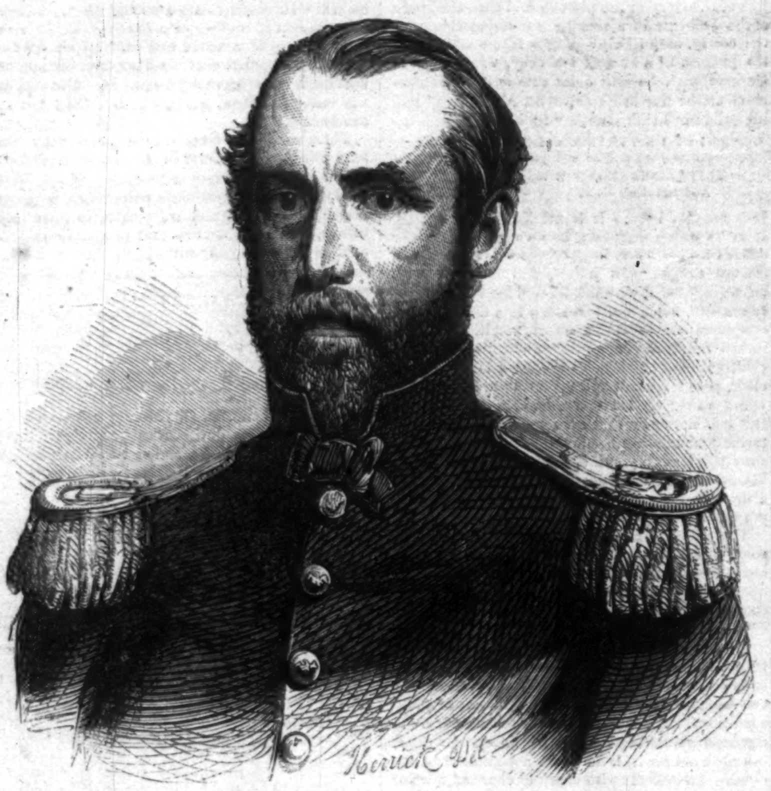
And all is gayety and mirth—
  The women's laughter sounds like song,
And I'm the happiest man on earth
  As side by side we sweep along.

One small hand to my shoulder clings,
  My arm around her waist I fold;
The friendly wind that follows flings
  Across my cheek her curls of gold.

I see my rival by the gate—
  He follows us with sullen eye,
I care not for his futile hate,
  I do not heed his scowl—not I.

For not an hour ago I heard
  One sweet, sweet word, and felt a hand
That, timid as a little bird,
  Crept into mine—you understand.

So let him scowl—I do not mind;
  I'm far too happy now to hate.
Come, dearest, on before the wind,
  And leave him standing by the gate.



CAPTAIN J. G. FOSTER, ENGINEER CORPS U.S.A., ON DUTY AT FORT SUMTER.

CAPTAIN FOSTER, U.S.A.

WE give above, from a photograph, a portrait of Captain JOHN G. FOSTER, United States Army, second in command at FORT SUMTER, Charleston, South Carolina.

The family of JOHN G. FOSTER has ever been distinguished for its patriotism and valor. His grandfather, in company with the gallant Benjamin Pierce (father of ex-President Pierce), then quite young, was among the first to join the Massachusetts line in the War of the Revolution, and was often commended for his noble conduct on the field of battle. His father, Major Perley Foster, was in active service during the war of 1812, and was in the battle of Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain. The subject of our sketch was born in Whitefield, New Hampshire, May 27, 1823, from which place his family moved to Nashua when he was eight years of age. He early evinced a passionate love for the profession of arms, and formed and commanded a "juvenile artillery company." In 1842 he entered West Point, where he graduated with distinguished honors in his class, in 1846, as Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers. In January, 1847, he was ordered to Mexico, with General Scott, as a Lieutenant in a Company of Sappers and Miners, and was in all the engagements from "Vera Cruz" to "Molino del Rey." At the latter place he was severely wounded while leading a division of the storming party in the deadly assault on "Casa Mata," where two-thirds of the entire command were cut down, and where he narrowly escaped death from the Mexican bayonet, by the memorable charge of the gallant Cadwalader. For his gallant conduct in Mexico he received three brevets—the first at Contreras, the second at Churubusco, and the last at Molino del Rey, where he was breveted as captain.

The severity of his wound was such that amputation was thought to be necessary, as a large escopet ball had struck him below the knee, in front, fracturing the bone, and lodging beneath the skin on the opposite side; but he stoutly persisted in retaining his limb, which, though greatly injured, is still sufficient to enable him to do active service. After recovering somewhat from his injuries he was ordered to Fort Carroll (Baltimore); from thence to Washington City, in Coast Survey Office.

From this position he was sent to West Point, as Assistant-Professor in Engineering; and subsequently to the Government works on Sandy Hook. Two years ago he was ordered to Charleston, South Carolina, as Engineer in charge of the forts in Charleston harbor and vicinity, to repair and complete the same.

After the evacuation of Fort Moultrie by Major Anderson, Captain Foster spiked the guns, burned the carriages, and blew up the flag-staff. When the fort was taken possession of by the South Carolina troops he was allowed to make a peaceable departure for Fort Sumter, in a boat, with the laborers under his direction.

Captain Foster is thirty-seven years of age, light complexion, blue eyes, over six feet in height, and weighing over two hundred pounds.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE "NIAGARA" AT JEDDO, JAPAN.

WE publish herewith a picture of the arrival of the United States steamer *Niagara* in the harbor of Jeddo, Japan, on 10th November ult., with the Japanese Embassy on board. A letter from Jeddo, dated 14th, says:

"The Japanese Embassy have arrived, all well. The United States steamer *Niagara*, Captain W. W. M'Kean commanding, which left New York on the 30th of June with the Japanese Embassy, arrived at this port on the 10th inst., one hundred and thirty-two days from New York, including thirty days' stoppage at the different ports on the way. She stopped two days at Puerto Grande, nine at Loando, ten at Batavia, and nine at Hong Kong; making her actual running time one hundred and two days, besides fourteen hours gained by the 214 degrees of longitude made since leaving New York.

"Soon after the *Niagara* anchored, the United States steamer *Saginaw* came up from Kanagawa and went some two miles nearer shore, and anchored in three fathoms water, being about as far as Captain Schenck dared to go. During the morning all the men of the ship were engaged in hoisting out Japanese baggage, which was put into Japanese boats, and, along with its owners, taken on shore. By eleven o'clock nearly all the heavy and valuable baggage was out, and all the Japanese except the embassadors and three of the lower officials were on shore.

"Now commenced the ceremony of the embassadors leaving the ship, which was first by the sailors taking off their jackets and manning the yards. The marines were drawn up on the quarter-deck, opposite the starboard gangway, the captain and all the officers, with their swords, cocked hats, epaulets, etc., were arranged from the gangway down to the poop deck, when the embassadors came out of their cabin, came down the steps off the poop, and walked along according to their rank, Simme-Bujen ahead, shaking hands with each officer as they passed along, the marines presenting arms, and the band playing 'Auld Lang Syne,' as they went over the gangway.

"When the boat, which was called the imperial barge, but which was a poor specimen of royalty, was leaving, a minister's salute (seventeen guns) was fired; at the last gun the sailors on the yards gave three hearty cheers, which was responded to by the embassadors in the boat by waving their fans three times.

"The Japanese went ashore in their own boats and in their own way, at their request; the ship offered to take them ashore in its own boats, but they declined."

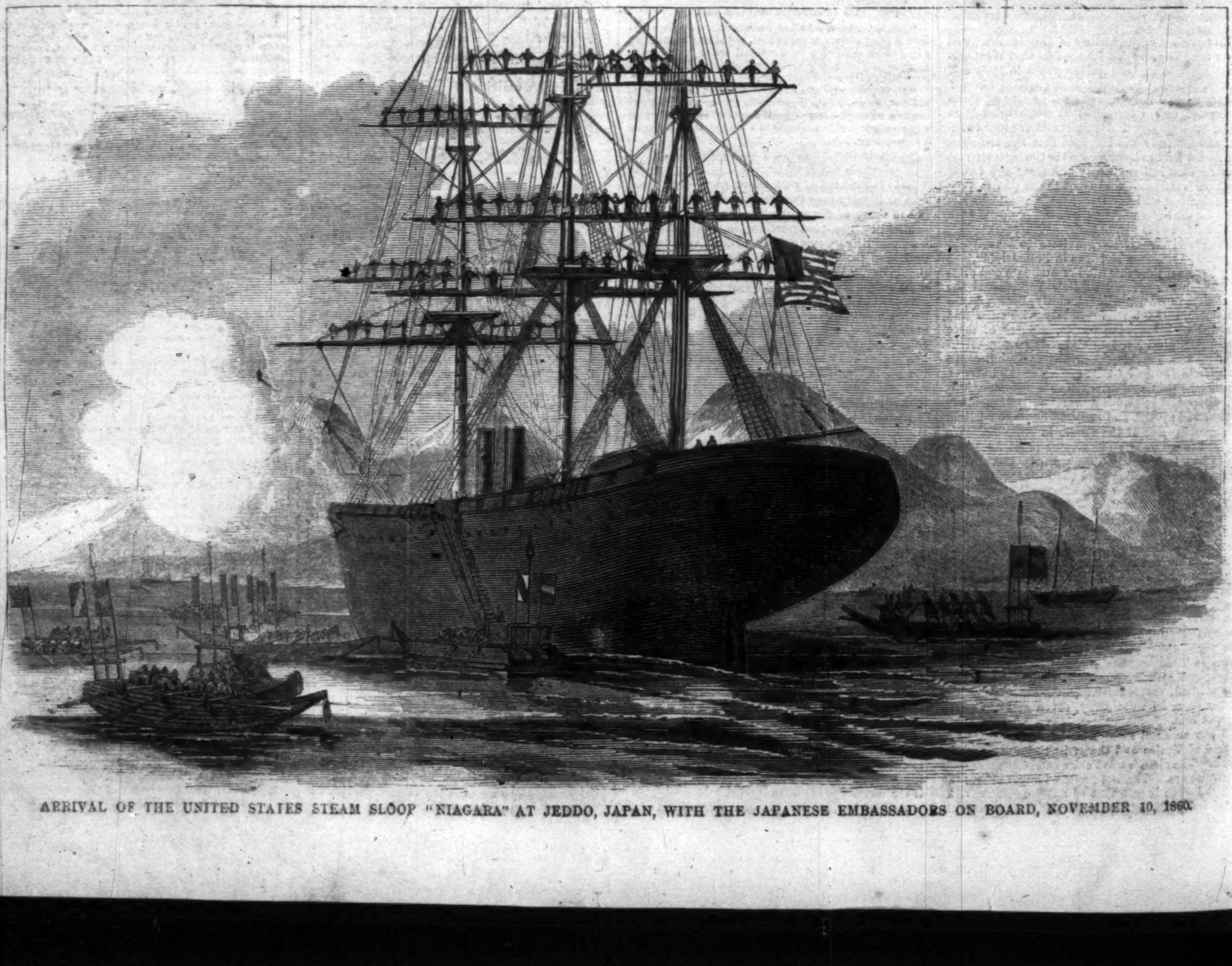
THE OLD INDIAN AGENCY AT DES MOINES, IOWA.

"*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

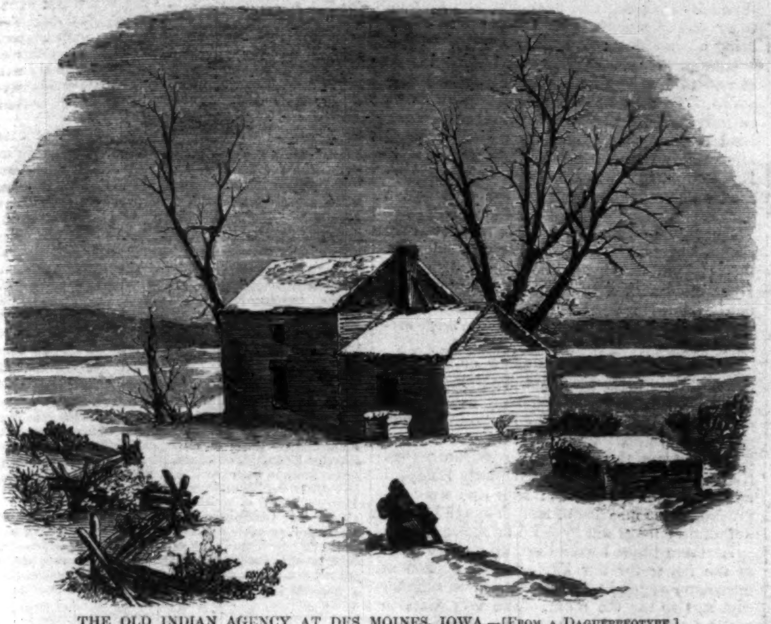
"DES MOINES, IOWA, *January* 16, 1861.

"I SEND you, as a historical relic peculiar to the West, an ambrotype, by M. H. Bishard, of the old Indian Agency building, which is about to be torn down because it comes in the way of the extension of one of our streets. This building is a log-cabin of a 'story and a half' high, weather-boarded, and containing two rooms below and one above. Here all the business with the Indians was transacted during the three years intervening between the time of the treaty at Agency (which was near the western line of the first cession of land made by the Sac and Fox Indians after the Black Hawk war), when their remaining lands in Iowa were ceded to the general government, till their title expired.

"The house is now within the corporate limits of Des Moines, formerly Fort Des Moines, and stands about a mile from the city, at the south-eastern limit of the grove in which it (the city) is located. It is situated on elevated ground, on the south side of the road leading to Iowa City, the former capital of the State, and faces to the north-west. The ground falls abruptly, just back of the building, a short distance, and then slopes to the shore of Spring Lake, beyond which the prairie extends eastward three miles to a belt of timber (the extreme back-ground of the picture), known as Four-Mile Timber, from a stream of that name along which it grows. The white streaks across the pic-



ARRIVAL OF THE UNITED STATES STEAM SLOOP "NIAGARA" AT JEDDO, JAPAN, WITH THE JAPANESE EMBASSADORS ON BOARD, NOVEMBER 10, 1860.



THE OLD INDIAN AGENCY AT DES MOINES, IOWA.—[FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.]

ture back of the house show the snow on the places where the fire last fall burned off the weeds and grass, whereby the snow is permitted to be seen in all its unflecked whiteness.

"Many of our citizens would be glad to see this relic embalmed in the pages of the *Weekly*, so that themselves and children in the future may be able to see the resemblance of one of the landmarks which bore so important a part in the early history of our city and the surrounding territory."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

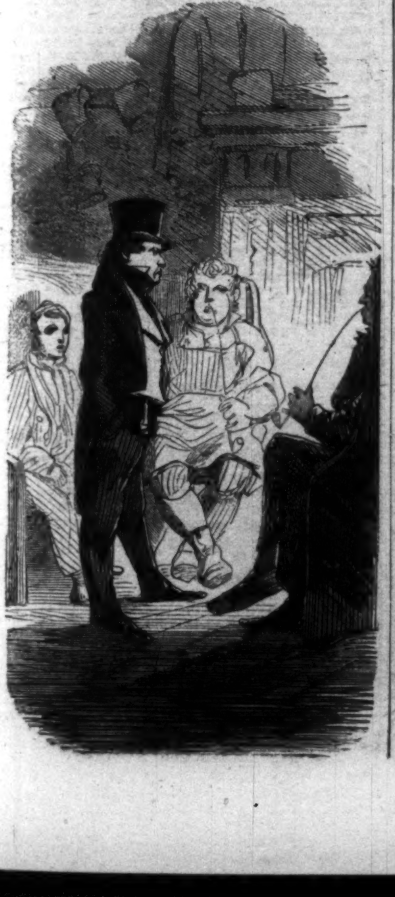
Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XVII.

IT was in the fourth year of my apprenticeship to Joe, and it was a Saturday night. There was a group assembled round the fire at the Three Jolly Bargemen, attentive to Mr. Wopsle as he read the newspaper aloud. Of that group I was one.

A highly popular murder had been committed, and Mr. Wopsle was imbrued in blood to the eyebrows. He gloated over every abhorrent adjective in the description, and identified himself with every witness at the Inquest. He faintly moaned, "I am done for," as the victim, and he barbarously bellowed, "I'll serve you out," as the murderer. He gave the medical testimony, in pointed imitation of our local practitioner; and he piped and shook, as the aged turnpike-keeper who had heard blows, to an extent so very paralytic as to suggest a doubt regarding the mental competency of that witness. The coroner, in Mr. Wopsle's hands, became Timon of Athens; the beadle, Coriolanus. He enjoyed himself thoroughly, and we all enjoyed ourselves, and were delightfully comfortable. In this cozy state of mind we came to the verdict, Willful Murder.



Then, and not sooner, I became aware of a strange gentleman leaning over the back of the settle opposite me, looking on. There was an expression of contempt on his face, and he bit the side of a great forefinger as he watched the group of faces. "Well!" said the stranger to Mr. Wopsle, when the reading was done, "you have settled it all to your own satisfaction, I have no doubt?"

Every body started and looked up, as if it were the murderer. He looked at every body coldly and sarcastically.

"Guilty, of course?" said he. "Out with it. Come!"

"Sir," returned Mr. Wopsle, "without having the honor of your acquaintance, I do say Guilty." Upon this we all took courage to unite in a confirmatory murmur.

"I know you do," said the stranger; "I knew you would, I told you so. But now I'll ask you a question. Do you know, or do you not know, that the law of England supposes every man to be innocent until he is proved—proved—to be guilty?"

"Sir," Mr. Wopsle began to reply, "as an Englishman myself, I—"

"Come!" said the stranger, biting his forefinger at him. "Don't evade the question. Either you know it or you don't know it. Which is it to be?"

He stood with his head on one side, and himself on one side, in a bullying, interrogative manner, and he threw his forefinger at Mr. Wopsle—as it were to mark him out—before biting it again.

"Now!" said he. "Do you know it, or don't you know it?"

"Certainly I know it," replied Mr. Wopsle.

"Certainly you know it. Then why didn't you say so at first? Now I'll ask you another question;" taking possession of Mr. Wopsle, as if he had a right to him. "*Do* you know that none of these witnesses have yet been cross-examined?"

Mr. Wopsle was beginning, "I can only say—" when the stranger stopped him.

"What? You won't answer the question, yes or no? Now I'll try you again. Throwing his finger at him again. "Attend to me. Are you aware, or are you not aware, that none of these witnesses have yet been cross-examined? Come, I only want one word from you. Yes or no?"

Mr. Wopsle hesitated, and we all began to conceive rather a poor opinion of him.

"Come!" said the stranger, "I'll help you. You don't deserve help, but I'll help you. Look at that paper you hold in your hand. What is it?"

"What is it?" repeated Mr. Wopsle, eying it, much at a loss.

"Is it," pursued the stranger in his most sarcastic and suspicious manner, "the printed paper you have just been reading from?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Undoubtedly. Now turn to that paper and tell me whether it distinctly states that the prisoner expressly said that his legal advisers instructed him altogether to reserve his defense?"

"I read that just now," Mr. Wopsle pleaded.

"Never mind what you read just now, Sir; I don't ask you what you read. You may read the Lord's Prayer backward, if you like—and, perhaps, have done it before to-day. Turn to the paper. No, no, no, my friend; not to the top of the column; you know better than that; to the bottom, to the bottom." (We all began to think Mr. Wopsle full of subterfuge.) "Well? Have you found it?"

"Here it is," said Mr. Wopsle.

"Now follow that passage with your eye, and tell me whether it distinctly states that the prisoner expressly said that he was instructed by his legal advisers wholly to reserve his defense? Come! Do you make that of it?"

Mr. Wopsle answered, "Those are not the exact words."

"Not the exact words!" repeated the gentleman, bitterly. "Is that the exact substance?"

"Yes," said Mr. Wopsle.

"Yes!" repeated the stranger, looking round at the rest of the company with his right hand extended toward the witness, Wopsle. "And now I ask you what you say to the conscience of that man who, with that passage before his eyes, can lay his head upon his pillow after having pronounced a fellow-creature guilty, unheard?"

We all began to suspect that Mr. Wopsle was not the man we had thought him, and that he was beginning to be found out.

"And that same man, remember," pursued the gentleman, throwing his finger at Mr. Wopsle heavily; "that same man might be summoned as a juryman upon this very trial, and, having thus deeply committed himself, might return to the bosom of his family and lay his head upon his pillow, after deliberately swearing that he would well and truly try the issue joined between Our Sovereign Lord the King and the prisoner at the bar, and would a true verdict give according to the evidence, so help him God!"

We were all deeply persuaded that the unfortunate Wopsle had gone too far, and had better stop in his reckless career while there was yet time.

The strange gentleman, with an air of authority not to be disputed, and with a manner expressive of knowing something secret about every one of us that would effectually do for each individual if he chose to disclose it, left the back of the settle, and came into the space between the two settles, in front of the fire, where he remained standing: his left hand in his pocket, and he biting the forefinger of his right.

"From information I have received," said he, looking round at us as we all quailed before him, "I have reason to believe there is a blacksmith among you, by name Joseph—or Joe—Gargery. Which is the man?"

"Here is the man," said Joe.

The strange gentleman beckoned him out of his place, and Joe went.

"You have an apprentice," pursued the stranger, "commonly known as Pip? Is he here?"

"I am here!" I cried.

The stranger did not recognize me, but I recognized him as the gentleman I had met on the stairs on the occasion of my second visit to Miss Havisham. His appearance was too remarkable for me to have forgotten. I had known him the moment I saw him looking over the settle, and now that I stood confronting him with his hand upon my shoulder, I checked off again in detail, his large head, his dark complexion, his deep-set eyes, his bushy black eyebrows, his large watch-chain, his strong black dots of beard and whisker, and even the smell of scented soap on his great hand.

"I wish to have a private conference with you two," said he, when he had surveyed me at his leisure. "It will take a little time. Perhaps we had better go to your place of residence. I prefer not to anticipate my communication here; you will impart as much or as little of it as you please to your friends afterward; I have nothing to do with that."

Amidst a wondering silence we three walked out of the Jolly Bargemen, and in a wondering silence walked home. While going along, the strange gentleman occasionally looked at me, and occasionally bit the side of his finger. As we neared home, Joe, vaguely acknowledging the occasion as an impressive and ceremonious one, went on ahead to open the front door. Our conference was held in the state-parlor, which was feebly lighted by one candle.

It began with the strange gentleman's sitting down at the table, drawing the candle to him, and looking over some entries in his pocket-book. He then put up the pocket-book, and set the candle a little aside: after peering round it into the darkness at Joe and me, to ascertain which was which.

"My name," he said, "is Jaggers, and I am a lawyer in London. I am pretty well known. I have unusual business to transact with you, and I commence by explaining that it is not of my originating. If my advice had been asked, I should not have been here. It was not asked, and you see me here. What I have to do, as the confidential agent of another, I do. No less, no more."

Finding that he could not see us very well from where he sat, he got up, and threw one leg over the back of a chair, and leaned upon it; thus having one foot on the seat of the chair, and one foot on the ground.

"Now, Joseph Gargery, I am the bearer of an offer to relieve you of this young fellow, your apprentice. You would not object to cancel his indentures, at his request and for his good? You would not want any thing for so doing?"

"Lord forbid that I should want any thing for not standing in Pip's way!" said Joe, staring.

"Lord forbidding is pious, but not to the purpose," returned Mr. Jaggers. "The question is, Would you want any thing? Do you want any thing?"

"The answer is," returned Joe, sternly, "No."

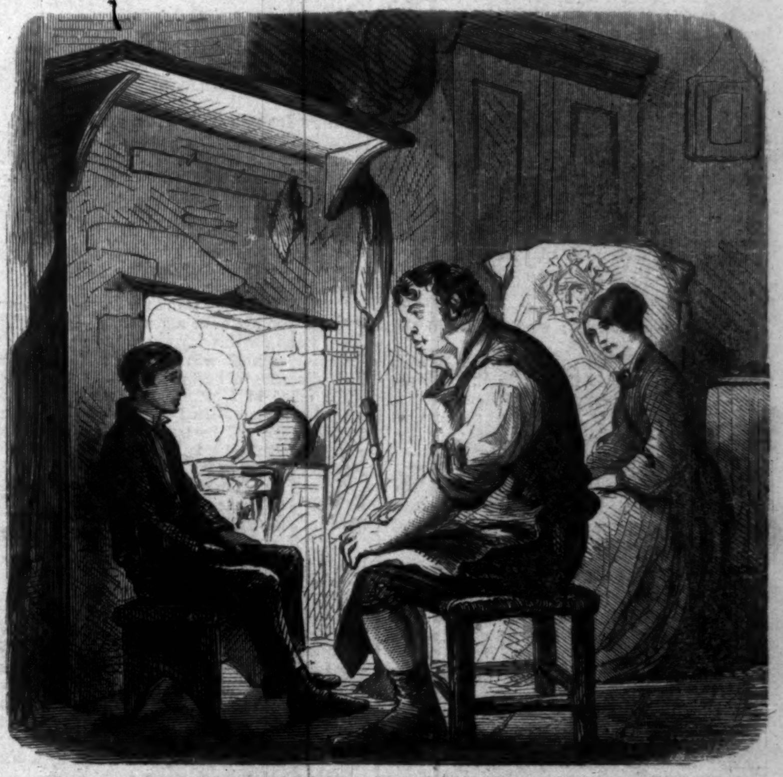
I thought Mr. Jaggers glanced at Joe as if he considered him a fool for his disinterestedness. But I was too much bewildered between breathless curiosity and surprise to be sure of it.

"Very well," said Mr. Jaggers. "Recollect the admission you have made, and don't try to go from it presently."

"Who's a going to try?" retorted Joe.

"I don't say any body is. Do you keep a dog?"

"Yes, I do keep a dog."



"PIP'S A GENTLEMAN OF FORTUN', THEN," SAID JOE, "AND GOD BLESS HIM IN IT!"

"Bear in mind, then, that Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better. Bear that in mind, will you?" repeated Mr. Jaggers, shutting his eyes and nodding his head at Joe, as if he were forgiving him something. "Now I return to this young fellow. And the communication I have got to make is, that he has great expectations."

Joe and I gasped, and looked at one another.

"I am instructed to communicate to him," said Mr. Jaggers, throwing his finger at me, sideways, "that he will come into a handsome property. Further, that it is the desire of the present possessor of that property that he be immediately removed from his present sphere of life and from this place, and be brought up as a gentleman—in a word, as a young fellow of great expectations."

My dream was out; my wild fancy was surpassed by sober reality; Miss Havisham was going to make my fortune on a grand scale.

"Now, Mr. Pip," pursued the lawyer, "I address the rest of what I have to say to you. You are to understand first, that it is the request of the person from whom I take my instructions, that you always bear the name of Pip. You will have no objection, I dare say, to your great expectations being encumbered with that easy condition. But if you have any objection, this is the time to mention it."

My heart was beating so fast, and there was such a singing in my ears, that I could scarcely stammer I had no objection.

"I should think not! Now you are to understand, secondly, Mr. Pip, that the name of the person who is your liberal benefactor remains a profound secret until the person chooses to reveal it. I am empowered to mention that it is the intention of the person to reveal it at first hand by word of mouth to yourself. When that intention may be carried out I can not say; no one can say. It may be years hence; even many years. Now, you are distinctly to understand that you are most positively prohibited from making any inquiry on this head, or any allusion or reference, however distant, to any individual whomsoever as *the* individual in all the communications you may have with me. If you have a suspicion in your own breast, keep that suspicion in your own breast. It is not the least to the purpose what the reasons of this prohibition are; they may be the strongest and gravest reasons, or they may be mere whim. That is not for you to inquire into. The condition is laid down. Your acceptance of it, and your observance of it as binding, is the only remaining condition that I am charged with, by the person from whom I take my instructions, and for whom I am not otherwise responsible. That person is the person from whom you derive your expectations, and the secret is solely held by that person and by me. Again, not a very difficult condition with which to encumber such a rise in fortune; but if you have any objection to it, this is the time to mention it. Speak out."

Once more I stammered with difficulty that I had no objection.

"I should think not! Now, Mr. Pip, I have done with stipulations." Though he called me Mr. Pip, and began rather to make up to me, he still could not get rid of a certain air of bullying suspicion; and even now he occasionally shut his eyes and threw his finger at me while he spoke, as much as to express that he knew all kinds of things to my disparagement, if he only chose to mention them. "We come next to mere details of arrangement. You must know that, although I have used the term 'expectations' more than once, you are not endowed with expectations only. There is already lodged in my hands a sum of money amply sufficient for your suitable education and maintenance. You will please consider me your guardian. Oh!" for I was going to thank him, "I tell you at once I am paid for my services, or I shouldn't render them. It is considered that you must be better educated in accordance with your altered position, and that you will be alive to the importance and necessity of at once entering on that advantage."

I said I had always longed for it.

"Never mind what you have always longed for, Mr. Pip," he retorted; "keep to the record. If you long for it now, that's enough. Am I answered that you are ready to be placed at once under some proper tutor? Is that it?"

I stammered, yes, that was it.

"Good. Now your inclinations are to be consulted. I don't think that wise, mind, but it's my trust. Have you ever heard of any tutor whom you would prefer to another?"

I had never heard of any tutor but Biddy and Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt; so I replied in the negative.

"There is a certain tutor, of whom I have some knowledge, who I think might suit the purpose," said Mr. Jaggers. "I don't recommend him, observe; because I never recommend any body. The gentleman I speak of is one Mr. Matthew Pocket."

Ah! I caught at the name directly. Miss Havisham's relation. The Matthew whom Mr. and Mrs. Camilla had spoken of. The Matthew whose place was to be at Miss Havisham's head when she lay dead in her bride's dress on the bride's table.

"You know the name?" said Mr. Jaggers, looking shrewdly at me, and then shutting up his eyes while he waited for my answer.

My answer was, that I had heard of the name.

"Oh!" said he. "You have heard of the name. But the question is, what do you say of it?"

I said, or tried to say, that I was much obliged to him for his recommendation—

"No, my young friend!" he interrupted, shaking his great head very slowly. "Recollect yourself!"

Not recollecting myself, I began again that I was much obliged to him for his recommendation—

"No, my young friend," he interrupted, shaking his head and frowning and smiling both at once; "no, no, no; it's very well done, but it won't do; you are too young to fix me with it. Recommendation is not the word, Mr. Pip. Try another."

Correcting myself, I said that I was much obliged to him for his mention of Mr. Matthew Pocket—

"*That's* more like it!" cried Mr. Jaggers.

—And (I added) I would gladly try that gentleman.

"Good. You had better try him in his own house. The way shall be prepared for you, and you can see his son first, who is in London. When will you come to London?"

I said (glancing at Joe, who stood looking on motionless), that I supposed I could come directly.

"First," said Mr. Jaggers, "you should have some new clothes to come in, and they should not be working clothes. Say this day week. You'll want some money. Shall I leave you twenty guineas?"

He produced a long purse, with the greatest coolness, and counted them out on the table and pushed them over to me. This was the first time he had taken his leg from the chair. He sat astride of the chair when he had pushed the money over, and sat swinging his purse and eying Joe.

"Well, Joseph Gargery? You look dumbfoundered?"

"I *am!*" said Joe, in a very decided manner.

"It was understood that you wanted nothing for yourself, remember?"

"It were understood," said Joe. "And it are understood. And it ever will be similar according."

"But what," said Mr. Jaggers, swinging his purse, "what if it was in my instructions to make you a present, as compensation?"

"As compensation what for?" Joe demanded.

"For the loss of his services."

Joe laid his hand upon my shoulder with the touch of a woman. I have often thought him since like the steam-hammer, that can crush a man or pat an egg-shell, in his combination of strength with gentleness. "Pip is that hearty welcome," said Joe, "to go free with his services to honor and fortun', as no words can tell him. But if you think as Money can make compensation to me for the loss of the little child—what come to the forge—and ever the best of friends!" O dear, good Joe, whom I was so ready to leave and so unthankful to, I see you again, with your muscular blacksmith's arm before your eyes, and your broad chest heaving, and your voice dying away. O dear good faithful tender Joe, I feel the loving tremble of your hand upon my arm as solemnly this day as if it had been the rustle of an angel's wing!

But I encouraged Joe at the time. I was lost in the mazes of my future fortunes, and could not retrace the by-paths we had trodden together. I begged Joe to be comforted, for (as he said) we had ever been the best of friends, and (as I said) we ever would be so. Joe scooped his eyes with his disengaged wrist, as if he were bent on gouging himself, but said not another word.

Mr. Jaggers had looked on at this as one who recognized in Joe the village idiot, and in me his keeper. When it was over, he said, weighing in his hand the purse he had ceased to swing,

"Now, Joseph Gargery, I warn you this is your last chance. No half measures with me. If you mean to take a present that I have it in charge to make you, speak out, and you shall have it. If, on the contrary, you mean to say—" Here, to his great amazement, he was stopped by Joe's suddenly working round him with every demonstration of a fell pugilistic purpose.

"Which I meantersay," cried Joe, "that if you come into my place bull-baiting and badgering me, come out! Which I meantersay as such if you're a man, come on! Which I meantersay that what I say I meantersay, and stand or fall by!"

I drew Joe away, and he immediately became placable; merely stating to me, in an obliging manner, and as a polite expostulatory notice to any one whom it might concern, that he were not a-going to be bull-baited and badgered in his own place. Mr. Jaggers had risen when Joe demonstrated, and had backed to near the door. Without evincing any inclination to come in again, he there delivered his valedictory remarks. They were these:

"Well, Mr. Pip, I think the sooner you leave here—as you are to be a gentleman—the better. Let it stand for this day week, and you shall receive my printed address in the mean time. You can take a hackney-coach at the stage-coach office in London, and come straight to me. Understand that I express no opinion, one way or other, on the trust I undertake. I am paid for undertaking it, and I do so. Now, understand that, finally. Understand that!"

He was throwing his finger at both of us, and I think would have gone on, but for his seeming to think Joe dangerous, and going off.

Something came into my head which induced me to run after him, as he was going down to the Jolly Bargemen where he had left a hired carriage.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Jaggers."

"Halloa!" said he, facing round, "what's the matter?"

"I wish to be quite right, Mr. Jaggers, and to keep to your directions; so I thought I had better ask. Would there be any objection to my taking leave of any one I know about here before I go away?"

"No," said he, looking as if he hardly understood me.

"I don't mean in the village only, but up town."

"No," said he. "No objection."

I thanked him and ran home again, and there I found that Joe had already locked the front door, and vacated the state-parlor, and was seated by the kitchen fire with a hand on each knee, gazing intently at the burning coals. I too sat down before the fire and gazed at the coals, and nothing was said for a long time.

My sister was in her cushioned chair in her corner, and Biddy sat at her needle-work before the fire, and Joe sat next Biddy, and I sat next Joe in the corner opposite my sister. The more I looked into the glowing coals the more incapable I became of looking at Joe; the longer the silence lasted the more unable I felt to speak.

At length I got out, "Joe, have you told Biddy?"

"No, Pip," returned Joe, still looking at the fire, and holding his knees tight, as if he had private information that they intended to make off somewhere, "which I left it to yourself, Pip."

"I would rather you told, Joe."

"Pip's a gentleman of fortun', then," said Joe, "and God bless him in it!"

Biddy dropped her work and looked at me. Joe held his knees and looked at me. I looked at both of them. After a pause they both heartily congratulated me; but there was a certain touch of sadness in their congratulations that I rather resented.

I took it upon myself to impress Biddy (and through Biddy, Joe) with the grave obligation I considered my friends under, to know nothing and say nothing about the maker of my fortune. It would all come out in good time, I observed, and in the mean while nothing was to be said save that I had come into great expectations from a mysterious patron. Biddy nodded her head thoughtfully at the fire as she took up her work again, and said she would be very particular; and Joe, still detaining his knees, said, "Ay, ay, I'll be ekervally partickler, Pip;" and then they congratulated me again, and went on to express so much wonder at the notion of my being a gentleman that I didn't half like it.

Infinite pains were then taken by Biddy to convey to my sister some idea of what had happened. To the best of my belief those efforts entirely failed. She laughed and nodded her head a great many times, and even repeated after Biddy the words "Pip" and "Property." But I doubt if they had more meaning in them than an election cry, and I can not suggest a darker picture of her state of mind.

I never could have believed it without experience, but as Joe and Biddy became more at their cheerful ease again I became quite gloomy. Dissatisfied with my fortune of course I could not be; but it is possible that I may have been, without quite knowing it, dissatisfied with myself.

Any how, I sat with my elbow on my knee and my face upon my hand, looking into the fire, as those two talked about my going away, and about what they should do without me, and all that. And whenever I caught one of them looking at me, though never so pleasantly (and they often looked at me—particularly Biddy), I felt in a manner offended: as if they were expressing some mistrust of me. Though Heaven knows they never did by word or sign.

At those times I would get up and look out at the door; for our kitchen door opened at once upon the night, and stood open on summer evenings to air the room. The very stars to which I then raised my eyes, I am afraid I took to be but poor and humble stars for glittering on the rustic objects among which I had passed my life.

"Saturday night," said I, when we sat at our supper of bread-and-cheese and beer. "Five more days, and then the day before *the* day! They'll soon go."

"Yes, Pip," observed Joe, whose voice sounded hollow in his beer mug. "They'll soon go."

"Soon, soon go," said Biddy.

"I have been thinking, Joe, that when I go down town on Monday, and order my new clothes, I shall tell the tailor that I'll come and put them on there, or that I'll have them sent to Mr. Pumblechook's. It would be very disagreeable to be stared at by all the people here."

"Mr. and Mrs. Hubble might like to see you in your new figure too, Pip," said Joe, industriously cutting his bread, with his cheese on it, in the palm of his left hand, and glancing at my untasted supper as if he thought of the time when we used to compare slices. "So might Wopsle. And the Jolly Bargemen might take it as a compliment."

"That's just what I don't want, Joe. They would make such a business of it—such a coarse and common business—that I couldn't bear myself."

"Ah, that indeed, Pip!" said Joe. "If you couldn't abear yourself—"

Biddy asked me here, as she sat holding my sister's plate, "Have you thought about when you'll show yourself to Mr. Gargery, and your sister, and me? You will show yourself to us, won't you?"

"Biddy," I returned, with some resentment, "you are so exceedingly quick that it's difficult to keep up with you."

("She always were quick," observed Joe.)

"If you had waited another moment, Biddy, you would have heard me say that I shall bring my clothes here in a bundle one evening—most likely on the evening before I go away."

Biddy said no more. Handsomely forgiving her, I soon exchanged an affectionate good-night with her and Joe, and went up to bed. When I got into my little room I sat down and took a long look at it, as a mean little room that I should soon be parted from and raised above, forever. It was furnished with fresh young remembrances too, and even at the same moment I fell into much the same confused division of mind between it and the better rooms to which I was going, as I had been in so often between the forge and Miss Havisham's, and Biddy and Estella.

The sun had been shining brightly all day on the roof of my attic, and the room was warm. As I put the window open and stood looking out, I saw Joe come slowly forth at the dark door below, and take a turn or two in the air; and then I saw Biddy come and bring him a pipe and light it for him. He never smoked so late, and it seemed to hint to me that he wanted comforting, for some reason or other.

He presently stood at the door immediately beneath me, smoking his pipe, and Biddy stood there too, quietly talking to him, and I knew that they talked of me, for I heard my name mentioned in a loving tone by both of them more than once. I would not have listened for more, if I could have heard more: so I drew away from the window, and sat down in my one chair by the bedside, feeling it very sorrowful and strange that this first night of my bright fortunes should be the loneliest I had ever known.

Looking toward the window, I saw light wreaths from Joe's pipe floating there, and I fancied it was like a blessing from Joe—not obtruded on me or paraded before me, but pervading the air we shared together. I put my light out and crept into bed; and it was an uneasy bed now, and I never slept the old sound sleep in it any more.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Friday, 25th January, the Senate was engaged on private bills.——In the House, the report of the Special Committee of Thirty-three again occupied attention. Messrs. Nelson of Tennessee, and Leake of Virginia, making the principal speeches. The speech of Mr. Nelson was a strong appeal in favor of the Union.

On Saturday, 26th, the Senate not being in session, in the House leave was granted to Mr. Grow to introduce a resolution instructing the Select Committee of Five to inquire as to the existence of any secret organization in the District of Columbia, the object of which is the seizure of the Capitol and other Federal buildings, and whether any officer of the city or of the Federal Government is a member thereof. The resolution met with considerable opposition, but it finally passed under the operation of the previous question. Mr. Thomas, of Tennessee, presented resolutions passed by the Legislature of that State, in response to those recently passed by the Legislature of New York. They assert that the people of Tennessee will unite with the South to resist invasion at all hazards. Consideration of the report by the Committee of Thirty-three was then resumed, and speeches were made by Messrs. Clark of Missouri, Gilmer of North Carolina, and Alley of Massachusetts. Mr. Gilmer made a telling speech in favor of the restoration of the Missouri Compromise.

On Monday, 28th, in the Senate, various petitions and memorials in reference to the national troubles were presented. Senator Iverson, of Georgia, then announced the secession of his State from the Union, and the consequent withdrawal of himself and his colleague from the Senate. Senator Bigler presented the resolutions of the State of Pennsylvania in reference to the crisis; after which a message was received from the President, accompanying the resolutions of the State of Virginia. Senator Mason, in making a motion to print the Message, made a speech in reference to the proposition of Virginia to act as a mediator between the North and the South, in which he deprecated an aggressive policy on either side. He was followed by Senator Hemphill, of Texas, who insisted upon the right of his State to leave the Union, notwithstanding the peculiar circumstances under which it was admitted.——In the House a crowd of petitions was presented relating to the crisis. The Committee on the District of Columbia was instructed, on motion of Mr. Hughes, of Maryland, to inquire into the expediency of retroceding a portion of the District of Columbia to that State. Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, introduced a bill, which was subsequently passed, under a suspension of the rules, more effectually to organize the militia of the District. The Committee of Ways and Means was instructed to consider the expediency of repealing the duty on sugar. The report of the Special Committee of Thirty-three was then considered, and Mr. Pryor, of Virginia, made a lengthy speech in vindication of the right of secession. At the conclusion of his remarks the rules were suspended, on motion of Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, and the Kansas bill was finally passed with the Senate amendment extending the laws of the United States, not locally inapplicable, over the new State, and establishing a judicial district. The Special Committee of five on the President's Message sent in on the 7th inst., were granted leave to sit during the sessions of the House, and to report from time to time such matters as they deem of sufficient importance.

On Tuesday, 29th, in the Senate, the Pacific Railroad Bill took another important step forward. All the amendments proposed were acted upon, and the bill was reported complete. The most important amendment proposed yesterday was one offered by Senator Gwin, of California, to provide for a central route only, which was lost—25 to 22. Senator King, of New York, introduced a bill authorizing the Government to employ volunteers, and Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, one for the better organization of the militia of the District of Columbia, which were referred to the Military Committee.——The House was principally occupied in consideration of the report of the Committee of Thirty-three, and speeches were made by Messrs. Stevens of Pennsylvania, Harris of Maryland, Winslow of North Carolina, and Van Wyck of New York.

On Wednesday, 30th, in the Senate, the Pacific Railroad bill was read a third time, and passed by a vote of 34 against 14. A number of petitions and memorials relating to the national troubles were presented. The bill to provide for a temporary Government for the Territory of Jefferson was taken up, and occupied attention until the adjournment. A motion to change the name to Idaho was adopted.——In the House, the Speaker presented a communication from Mr. Cobb, of Alabama, announcing the passage of the Secession Ordinance in his State. Mr. Cobb did not leave at the same time with his colleagues a few days since, but preferred to wait until he received a certified copy of the Ordinance of Secession. He was present in the House yesterday, and made a farewell speech, in which he appealed to the Republicans to do something to reunite the States. After some further proceedings, consideration of the report of the Special Committee of Thirty-three was resumed, and speeches were made by Messrs. Conkling of New York, Stevenson of Kentucky, Howard of Ohio, and Morris of Pennsylvania. In the midst of Mr. Conkling's remarks a message was received from the President, announcing that he had signed the bill for the admission of Kansas. Mr. Martin F. Conway, the Representative from the new State, subsequently made his appearance, presented his credentials, and took the oath of allegiance.

On Thursday, 31st, in the Senate, Senator Seward gave another expression to his views in regard to the condition of the country, on the occasion of the presentation by him to the Senate of the monster petition from the citizens of New York, praying for some adjustment of the present difficulties. The petition is signed by 63,000 persons, and would, Senator Seward stated, reach three times across the Senate Chamber. His remarks were of a conciliatory character. Senator Seward was followed by Senator Mason, in a speech in which he accused the former of advocating coercion. Senator Seward responded, and a somewhat lengthy colloquy ensued between the gentlemen. Senators Douglas, Hale, Wigfall, and others followed.——In the House a bill was presented by Mr. Morehead, of Pennsylvania, to prevent the counterfeiting of private stamps, labels, etc. The Judiciary Committee was instructed to inquire whether Mr. Conway, of Kansas, has been legally elected to Congress. The Senate's amendments to the Deficiency Bill were considered in Committee of the Whole. The one appropriating $300,000 for the establishment of a Naval coaling station at Chiriqui was debated for some time, but no vote was taken, the subject being referred to allow Mr. Adams, of Massachusetts, to make a speech on the report of the Committee of Thirty-three.

THE COMMERCIAL STATUS OF SECEDING PORTS.

Lord Lyons and other foreign ministers at Washington having written to the State Department to inquire whether duties can be paid to and clearances issued by the Government of South Carolina, Mr. Black, on the 30th inst., replied to Lord Lyons, and sent a copy of his letter to Messrs. Schleiden and Tassara. He said he laid Lord Lyons's communication before the President, who would deeply regret that any injury should happen to the commerce of foreign or friendly nations, and especially that the British subjects at Charleston should suffer by the anomalous state of things existing there. Secretary Black quotes from the law to show that the jurisdiction of the Federal Government to impose duties on goods imported into the United States and collect the duties is exclusive. Whether the state of things now existing at Charleston will or will not be regarded as a sufficient reason for not executing the penalties incurred by the British subjects, is a question Lord Lyons will see no necessity for raising until it practically arises. Each case will no doubt have its peculiarities. Secretary Black regrets that this consideration compels him to decline giving any assurances on the point presented. The Treasury Department, he says, will give public information as to the condition in which South Carolina has put the coast.

CAN A SECEDING MEMBER USE THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE?

Mr. Ashmore, member of Congress from South Carolina, has addressed a letter to Acting Postmaster General King, asking if he has the right to exercise the franking privilege, as he has some ten or twelve hundred documents upon which he does not feel willing to pay postage, and which documents would be useless unless he can frank them.

Postmaster King replied that according to the theory of the administration South Carolina was still in the Union, and hence he has a right to frank until the first Monday in December next. If, however, he regards South Carolina as out of the Union, it is a question with himself whether he can consistently exercise that privilege, the use of which would be an admission that he does not in his conscience consider that she is out of the Union, and that he is still a member of the Congress of the United States.

DISUNIONIST POSTMASTERS TO BE REMOVED.

The following letter has been published:

"POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT, APPOINTMENT OFFICE,
"*January* 22, 1861.

"SIR,—In answer to the inquiry in your letter of the 15th to the Postmaster-General, he instructs me to inform you that you were removed from the office of Postmaster at Paducah because you announced yourself as 'devoutly in favor of Disunion;' and it is not considered prudent to retain in the service of the Government men openly seeking its overthrow.

"I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,
"HORATIO KING,
"First Assistant Postmaster-General.
"John C. Noble, Esq., Paducah, Kentucky."

THE POSTAL SERVICE IN THE SECEDING STATES.

Applications continue to be received at Washington from postmasters in the seceded States for supplies of postage stamps, blanks, wrapping-paper, etc.; but these are furnished on the condition that the postmasters will acknowledge and conform to the laws affecting the postal service.

THE REVENUE CUTTERS.

When General Dix entered office he took immediate precautions to save the revenue cutters in the South from being seized by secessionists, as far as practicable. Orders were sent that the one under repairs at Galveston should be blown up in case it could not be successfully defended, if attacked. Instructions concerning the *Robert M'Lelland*, which is under the control of the Collector at New Orleans, and one of the finest in the service, may prevent its seizure and conversion against the Government.

THE SECESSION OF LOUISIANA.

A telegram, dated Baton Rouge, January 26, states: "The delay ordinance, moved to be substituted for the secession ordinance reported by the Committee of Fifteen, was voted down yesterday by an immense majority. Commissioners Manning, of South Carolina, and Winston, of Alabama, made eloquent addresses in favor of immediate secession. There was an animated debate last night on the resolution for submitting the secession ordinance for ratification to the people. The advocates of immediate secession abstained from all debate. There was no extreme opposition to the ordinance.

"The vote on submitting the ordinance to the people was taken this morning—ayes 45, nays 84. John Perkins addressed the Convention on the passage of the secession ordinance. The debate closed, and a vote was ordered. The galleries and lobbies were intensely crowded, and a deathlike silence prevailed. On the call of the roll many members were in tears. The Clerk announced the vote—ayes 113, nays 17—and the President declared Louisiana a free and sovereign republic.

"Captain Allen then entered the Convention with a Pelican flag, accompanied by Governor Moore and staff, and put the flag in the hands of the President, amidst tremendous excitement. A solemn prayer was then offered, and a hundred guns were fired. The Convention adjourned to meet in New Orleans on the 29th inst.

"Before the Convention adjourned the resolution accompanying the ordinance, declaring the right of free navigation of the Mississippi River and tributaries to all friendly States, and the right of egress and ingress to boats of the Mississippi by all friendly States and Powers, passed unanimously. A gold pen was given each member with which to sign the ordinance of secession.

"The State Convention has adjourned, to reassemble in New Orleans."

A CONVENTION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

A telegram, dated Raleigh, North Carolina, January 30, says: The House concurred to-day in the Senate's amendments to the bill calling a State Convention. The bill, therefore, has finally passed both Houses. It puts the question of "Convention" or "No Convention" to the people. Delegates are to be elected at the same time. Federal affairs are restricted, and the election is ordered to take place on the 28th of February.

THE GEORGIA CONVENTION.

A telegram, dated Milledgeville, January 29, says: The Convention refused to reconsider the revenue ordinance adopted yesterday. Resolutions were introduced giving the Governor power, under certain circumstances, to grant letters of marque and reprisal, and tabled. An address to the citizens of the South and the world, giving the causes of Georgia's secession, was adopted. An ordinance declaring it to be the fixed policy of the State to guarantee the security of all the States was adopted. The Convention adjourned to meet at Savannah at the call of the President.

THE LEGISLATURE OF TEXAS.

A telegram, dated New Orleans, January 29, says:

"Dates from Austin, Texas, to the 22d inst., are received. The Texas Legislature had assembled, and Governor Houston had sent in his Message. He favors the calling of a State Convention. Both Houses had voted to repeal the Kansas Resolutions passed by the Legislature in 1858. The House took up and passed the Senate bill directing the Controller to proceed to Washington and recover $180,000 due the State. A resolution had unanimously passed the House declaring that the Federal Government has no power to coerce a sovereign State after pronouncing her separation from the Union. The Senate will pass the same resolution by a similar vote. The Legislature favors the immediate secession of Texas by a majority of three to one."

Another letter, dated Austin, January 24, says:

"The Legislature to-day passed resolutions repudiating the idea of using forcible means to coerce a seceding State, and asserting that any such attempt would be resisted to the last extremity.

"Only one-fifth of the members of the House opposed immediate action. It is expected that the question of secession will be referred to the people."

THE ALABAMA CONVENTION ON THE SLAVE-TRADE.

The Alabama Convention has adjourned until the 4th of March. Previous to the adjournment, it is understood, the Convention, in secret session, adopted resolutions instructing the delegates to the Montgomery Convention to oppose the reopening of the African Slave-trade.

THE ADMISSION OF KANSAS.

At ten minutes past two o'clock, on January 30, the Private Secretary of the President announced to the United States House of Representatives that the name of James Buchanan had been appended to the bill admitting Kansas into the Federal Union as a State. At twenty minutes of three Martin F. Conway, representative-elect from the new State, received the oath of office and took his seat. He was immediately congratulated by Mr. Parrott, delegate from the Territory, whose power ceased where Mr. Conway's commenced, and by other members. The news was at once telegraphed by Mr. Parrott to Kansas, and the State Government will go into immediate operation.

The following are the State officers of Kansas elected under the Wyandot Constitution, and who will assume to administer the new State Government: *Governor*, Charles Robinson, formerly of Massachusetts; *Lieutenant-Governor*, J. P. Root, formerly of Connecticut; *Secretary of State*, J. W. Robinson, formerly of Maine; *Treasurer*, William Tholen, formerly of New York; *Auditor*, George W. Hillyer, formerly of Ohio; *Superintendent of Public Instruction*, W. R. Griffith, formerly of Illinois; *Chief Justice*, Thomas Ewing, Jun., formerly of Ohio; *Associate Justices*, Samuel D. Kingman, formerly of Kentucky, and Lawrence Bailey, formerly of New Hampshire.

SEIZURE OF THE MARINE HOSPITAL AT NEW ORLEANS.

Information was received by the Government on 26th, from the Collector at New Orleans, stating that the barracks about two miles below New Orleans, now occupied as a marine hospital, were taken possession of on the 11th by Captain Bradford, of the State Infantry, in the name of the State of Louisiana.

There were two hundred and sixteen invalids and convalescent patients in the hospital at the time it was seized. The Collector of Customs was required to immediately remove the patients who were convalescent, and those who were confined to their beds as soon as practicable. This action on the part of the authorities of that State was regarded by the Government as most outrageous and inhuman. The Government had no authority or means to make provision for these poor creatures, who were thus thrown upon the cold charities of the people of that State. The reason assigned for this transaction was, that the authorities there wanted the quarters for their own troops.

REMONSTRANCE OF THE GOVERNMENT.

The following is Secretary Dix's letter to the Collector of New Orleans, dated 28th ult.:

"SIR,—I did not receive until the 26th inst. yours of the 14th, informing me that the United States barracks below the city of New Orleans, which have for several months been occupied as a marine hospital, have been taken possession of in the name of the State of Louisiana. I found inclosed a copy of the letter by Captain Bradford, of the First Louisiana Infantry, advising you that he had taken possession of the barracks; that they would 'be required for the Louisiana troops now being enlisted,' and requesting you to immediately remove those patients who are convalescent, and as soon as, in the opinion of the resident surgeon, it may be practicable and humane, those also who are now confined to their beds.

"He also states that the barracks contained 216 invalid and convalescent patients. On this transaction, as an outrage to the public authority, I have no comment to make; but I can not believe that a proceeding so discordant with the character of the people of the United States, and so revolting to the civilization of the age, has had the sanction of the Governor of Louisiana. I sent a telegraphic dispatch to you yesterday, desiring you to remonstrate with him against the inhumanity of Captain Bradford's order, and to ask him to revoke it. But if he should decline to interfere, I instructed you in regard to the removal and treatment of the sick, and in that I trust you will carry out my direction; not merely with "economy," but with a careful regard to their helpless condition. The barracks, it seems, were taken possession of on the 11th instant. Captain Bradford's letter is dated the 13th, and yours the 14th, though I had no information of the subject until the 26th. I infer from the newspaper paragraph you inclosed, which telegraph advices in regard to the subject matter show to be of a later date than your letter, that the letter was not dispatched until the 21st or 23d instant. I hope I am mistaken, and that the cause of that delay is to be found in some unexplained interruption of the mail. I should otherwise have great reason to be dissatisfied that the information was not more promptly communicated. From the tone of the newspaper paragraph you inclosed, and from the seizure of the barracks in violation of the usage of humanity, which in open war between contending nations, and even in the most revengeful civil conflicts between kindred races, have always been held sacred from disturbance as edifices dedicated to the care and comfort of the sick, I fear that no public property is likely to be respected. You will, therefore, have no more moneys expended on the revenue cutter *Washington*, now hauled up for repairs, until I can have the assurance that she will not be seized as soon as she is refitted, and taken into the service of those who are seeking to break up the Union, and overthrow the authority of the Federal Government."

Secretary Dix, in reply to his telegraphic dispatch, has received the following reply from Collector Hatch:

"NEW ORLEANS, *January* 28, 1861.

"Affairs satisfactorily arranged; barracks retained; see my letter of 21st."

THE FORTS AT THE TORTUGAS.

Captain Meigs, who commands the United States forces in the fort at Tortugas, dispatches to the Government that he is now sufficiently reinforced to defy any power. While the Government steamer was landing troops and supplies, the steamer *Galveston*, of New Orleans, with a force on board to take the fort, appeared in sight, but upon discovering the steamer, and probably understanding the object of her visit, did not approach or make any demonstration other than to put about and disappear.

It is also stated that Fort Taylor, at Key West, is well manned and provisioned.

FORT MONROE.

A telegram, dated Richmond, January 29, says: Recent proceedings at Fortress Monroe have embittered public feeling. The following was adopted at a large meeting last night:

Whereas, the Legislature has formally declared that any act of coercion against a Southern State will be regarded by Virginia as an act of war, and resisted with all the means in our power.

Resolved, That the attention of the Legislature be hereby called to the fact of an overt act of coercion now actually being perpetrated at Fortress Monroe.

THE DEFENSE OF PENSACOLA.

A Washington correspondent says: "The steamer *Brooklyn* has probably joined the *Macedonian* at Pensacola. Should an attack be made on Fort Pickens, which is not now improbable within a short time, considering the advice of parties distant from the scene, those vessels will co-operate with Lieutenant Slemmer in its defense; although it is supposed here he would be able successfully to maintain his position without additional succor."

SEIZURE OF ANOTHER REVENUE CUTTER.

A New Orleans correspondent telegraphs that the revenue cutter *Lewis Cass* has been surrendered to the Louisiana secessionists.

BLOCKADE OF CHARLESTON HARBOR.

The Government has issued the following official notice of "blockade" of Charleston harbor:

"NOTICE TO MARINERS.

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT OFFICE, LIGHT-HOUSE BOARD,
"WASHINGTON, *January* 26, 1861.

"Information has been received at this office that the light-vessel at Rattlesnake Shoals has been withdrawn, that the lights on Morris Island and at the entrance into the port of Charleston, South Carolina, have been discontinued, the buoys removed, and the main channel so obstructed as to be unsafe for navigation. By order,

"R. SEMMES, Secretary."

WHY MAJOR ANDERSON DID NOT FIRE ON THE CHARLESTON BATTERIES.

The following letter from Major Robert Anderson, written in Fort Sumter, to a friend in this city (says the Cincinnati *Commercial*), two days after the South Carolinians fired upon the *Star of the West*, embodies the first authentic intelligence that has reached the public concerning the reasons for the fact that the batteries of Fort Sumter were not opened upon the South Carolinians on the 9th inst.:

"FORT SUMTER, *Jan.* 11, 1861.

* * * * *

"Whether a bloodless separation can now be effected, after her [South Carolina] foolishly firing upon a vessel bearing our flag, the other day, I think very doubtful. I was sorely tempted to open my battery; but, perhaps fortunately for the chance of having matters settled without bloodshed, I could not have touched the battery that opened upon her, and my defenses were just then in such a condition that I could not have opened the war. I am now nearly ready. The people have supposed that this work was ready to be defended when I came in. It was far from it—and it would take me, even now, one week's hard work to have it in a complete state. My command is only about one-eighth of what it should be in time of war; but, though small in number, I feel strong in the confidence that Providence will guard and guide me safely through any danger that may threaten.

* * * * * * *

"Yours sincerely, ROBERT ANDERSON."

HOW FORT SUMTER IS TO BE TAKEN.

Floating batteries, the superstructures of which are composed of cotton bales, are in course of erection, by which means in part the South Carolinians expect to attack Fort Sumter. The officer who writes from Fort Sumter, alluding to these batteries, says: "The difference between fighting behind cotton bags in 1812 and now is, that General Jackson commanded behind the bags then, and had no Robert Anderson within the impregnable walls of a Sumter, with the destructive weapons which the ingenuity of man for half a century has invented, to contend with. Besides, Jackson is dead."

The same writer in another connection says: "We have been wonderfully favored by Providence in all our movements. We abandoned Moultrie under cover of night by aid of a vessel chartered to take the soldiers' wives, twenty-five in number, to a safer place. When the captain discovered the intention of Major Anderson he became rebellious, but was soon sent below and locked up until we were safely landed at Sumter. Our night's work was crowned by a glorious sunrise. The men were all summoned around the flag-staff, and the stars and stripes were run up, and the Chaplain invoked God's blessing to rest upon our little band, and to aid us in the work of our country's defense, and in defending the national honor and flag. I shall never forget the scene. If we had been assailed on that day by any considerable force it is doubtful if we could have held out, as the fort was in a miserable condition for defense. But the Almighty heard our prayers. A storm came up and lasted ten days. It was so terrific that the sea, tired of knocking at our flinty walls, would dash far above and over us. During those ten days no vessel could approach us. We put our house in order, so that at the end of the storm we could have defied any power on earth."

MAJOR ANDERSON DENIED FRESH PROVISIONS.

Notwithstanding the repeated assurances given that the garrison at Fort Sumter was regularly supplied with provisions, and had free communication with Charleston, Major Anderson's official correspondence explicitly contradicts these declarations. Governor Pickens *did* propose to furnish him from the State Commissariat, but Major Anderson necessarily declined that offer, as one calculated, if not intended, to compromise him by establishing relations which he was forbidden by his position to recognize. Supposing that the authorities really intended to relax the surveillance which had been previously practiced, he wrote to the contractor who supplied his command when at Fort Moultrie, requesting that provisions should be sent as formerly. No answer was received, and Major Anderson has not obtained a single pound of fresh beef or any thing else from the city. His garrison is subsisting upon the same hard and salt rations as heretofore, which are diminishing at a rate which must demand replenishment before long.

MRS. SLEMMER ARRESTED AS A SPY.

The Mobile (Alabama) *Mercury* of the 23d learns from a letter from one of Captain O'Hara's company, now at Pensacola, to his wife in Mobile, that the wife of Lieutenant Slemmer, commander at Fort Pickens, had been arrested at Fort Barancas as a spy. It is alleged that she went to Fort Barancas without any ostensible business, and the reasonable supposition was that she had come there to take notes of the position of things and report them to her husband.

INSTRUCTIONS TO NEW ORLEANS PILOTS.

According to the New Orleans *True Delta*, the Balize pilots are in a tight place. Under the orders of the Governor of Louisiana, who appears to be getting ready to emulate the action of Governor Pickens, the pilots are forbidden to bring in any American vessel of war. The *True Delta* sets forth the unpleasant alternative: If a vessel of war, bearing the American flag, should overhaul a pilot-boat in the Gulf, the probability is that the pilot will have to go on board the vessel of war, or the pilot-boat and all hands will be sunk. When the pilot gets on board the vessel of war the next probability is that his attention will be called to the yard-arm, with the emphatic hint that if he does not do his duty faithfully he will have to dangle in the air. If this be not placing the Balize pilots in a tight box we don't know what is.

MR. LINCOLN'S POSITION.

The *Herald* contains the following, from its Washington correspondent: "I learn from a gentleman who had an interview with Mr. Lincoln, at Springfield, within the past week, that the latter, in discussing the existing state of affairs, expressed himself as follows: 'I will suffer death before I will consent, or will advise my friends to consent, to any concession or compromise which looks like buying the privilege of taking possession of this Government, to which we have a constitutional right; because, whatever I might think of the merit of the various propositions before Congress, I should regard any concession in the face of menace the destruction of the Government itself, and a consent on all hands that our system shall be brought down to a level with the existing disorganized state of affairs in Mexico. But this thing will hereafter be as it is now—in the hands of the people; and if they desire to call a Convention to remove any grievances complained of, or to give new guarantees for the permanence of vested rights, it is not mine to oppose.'"

HIS JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON.

A Springfield correspondent says: "It is now positively settled that Mr. Lincoln will depart for Washington on the 11th of February. He will go hence *via* Lafayette to Indianapolis, where he will receive the hospitalities of the Indiana Legislature; thence he will proceed, probably, by way of Cincinnati to Columbus, Cleveland, Buffalo, and Albany. From Albany he intends to make for Harrisburg direct, thence to Baltimore and the Federal capital; but a tour to New York and Philadelphia is not impossible.

"Arrangements for special trains all the way through are making. No military escort will be accepted. The entire journey is expected to be made inside of ten days. The Presidential family will start a few days after Mr. Lincoln's departure, under the protection of some friends, so as to reach Washington simultaneously with him."

PERSONAL.

The first duel which has resulted from the present political complications took place yesterday morning, on the Pennsylvania border, between Dr. Jones, a partisan of Senator Douglas, and Mr. Wilson, a Breckinridge Democrat, both residents of Washington. Wilson was wounded in the hip. The constabulary are said to be in pursuit of the parties.

The gallantry exhibited by the wife of Lieutenant Slemmer, at Pensacola, is creating quite a lively sensation among the patriotic ladies of Washington. A suitable testimonial in her behalf is in contemplation.

It is believed that Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, will be chosen provisional President of the new Confederacy, and that Jefferson Davis will be Commander-in-Chief of the army.

In reply to an address published in the Richmond, Virginia, papers calling upon him to become a candidate for delegate to the State Convention, Hon. J. M. Botts publishes a card defining the position which he now holds. He is prepared to insist upon every jot or tittle of right which Virginia can demand under the Constitution, but he will never consent to make the existence or destruction of the Government dependent upon any abstract or impracticable question that may or may not arise, outside of the Constitution, such as is now proposed, of guaranteeing Slavery by Constitutional amendment, in all territories hereafter to be acquired south of 36° 30′, whether in Mexico, South America or the Sandwich Islands. Yet he would be willing to vote for any compromise which would be satisfactory to the people. Mr. Botts denounces the efforts to drag Virginia into the disunion movement.

Ex-Secretary Floyd has been indicted by the Grand Jury at Washington, for conspiracy to defraud the Government.

Mr. Chase, of Ohio, has still under consideration the subject of going into Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet. He prefers to remain in the place assigned him by Ohio as her representative in the Senate, but if the interests of the republican party demand it he will yield the much more pleasant position of a six years' term in the Senate for the vexatious, more responsible, and very laborious post of Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Chase is urged for the Treasuryship by the best and largest portion of the Republican party.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE CASE OF ANDERSON.

MR. JAMES having applied to the Court of Queen's Bench at Westminster for a habeas corpus for the fugitive slave, Anderson, now in Canada, their lordships retired to consider their judgment, and after an absence of twenty minutes they returned into court. The Lord Chief Justice then delivered the following judgment: "We have carefully considered this matter, and the result of our anxious deliberation is that we think the writ ought to issue. We feel sensible, at the same time, of the inconvenience that may result from the exercise of such an authority. We feel sensible that it may be thought inconsistent with that higher degree of colonial independence, both legislative and judicial, which has been happily brought into effect in modern times. At the same time, in establishing local legislation and local judicial authority, the Legislature of England has not gone so far as expressly to abrogate any jurisdiction which the Court of Westminster Hall might possess with reference to the issue of the writ of habeas corpus. And we find that the existence of the jurisdiction in these courts has been asserted from earliest times, and exercised down to the latest. We find it asserted not only as a matter of agreement, but carried into effect as a matter of practice, that even where there is an independent local judicature, nothing short of a legislative enactment would suffice to deprive us of the authority which was conferred upon us for protection of the liberty of the subject. We feel, therefore, we should not be doing right under the authority of the precedents cited if we refused to issue the writ."

There was a slight manifestation of applause in court on the conclusion of the delivery of his lordship's judgment.

HIS ESCAPE SECURED.

The London *Post* of the 16th ult., in discussing the case of Anderson, the Canada fugitive, illustrates the English method of enforcing the stipulations of the Ashburton treaty by saying, we regard the freedom of Anderson as a matter already secured. He must be brought to this country, and, when once here, the people of England will take good care that he is not restored to the tender mercies of the sanguinary Missouri slave code.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR ON SKATES.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Herald*, writing on the 18th, gives the following account of the manner in which Napoleon III. sometimes diverts himself. The Emperor Napoleon arrived at the lake in the Bois de Boulogne about three P.M. on Friday, in a plain chariot drawn by two horses, and unattended by any escort. He alighted from his carriage and crossed the lake on his skates. He was soon recognized by some men wearing blouses, who raised a cry of "Here is the Emperor! Vive l'Empereur!" The cry attracted universal attention, and every body ran and every body cheered. The Emperor continued to skate, apparently delighted with the enthusiastic reception he met with. The Emperor seeing a child in a sledge, pushed forward by a nursery maid, took the place of the servant and drove the sledge. Having amused himself for about half an hour, more like a school-boy enjoying a holiday than an Emperor, he left as quietly as he came. There were several fashionably dressed English ladies among the skaters.

PRUSSIA.

THE NEW KING'S SPEECH.

The Prussian Legislative Chambers were opened on the 14th ult. by the King in person, who made a speech on the occasion. He remarked that the relations between the great Powers had been made more friendly by the personal meetings which had taken place among the sovereigns; and expressed his regret that the steps taken by Germany for the settlement of the question concerning the constitution of the German Duchies under Danish rule had remained without any result. This question he emphatically declared Prussia, as well as the rest of Germany, felt it a national duty to bring to a settlement.

WARLIKE PREPARATIONS.

The *Moniteur* contains the following: "A letter from Berlin announces that the recruiting, which does not usually take place until the month of October, will this year commence in April. This hasty mobilization is attributed to the events which may arise on account of the complications with Denmark. It is not only at Berlin and in Germany that the possibility of a conflict on account of the Duchies preoccupies the attention of the public. In Denmark the same feeling prevails."

The Paris correspondent of the London *Herald* writes: "The preparations going on in Prussia are believed to have a far more serious cause than any apprehensions of a complication with Denmark—that of war with 'the enemy,' which throughout Europe means the Emperor of the French."

ITALY.

COURAGE OF THE YOUNG QUEEN.

A correspondent, writing from Gaeta, says that the young wife of Francis II. is always to be seen in the place of greatest danger. During the bombardment of the 24th and 25th of December, two officers of her household were killed in the very room in which she was sitting, by the explosion of a shell. Although the danger was imminent, the Queen did not stir from her chair, and gave orders for the removal of the dead bodies in the coolest possible manner. The Spanish Minister had also a narrow escape, for as he was lying in bed he received the rather unpleasant visit of a round shot, which smashed the washing-stand opposite.

SPAIN.

ANNEXATION OF PORTUGAL TO SPAIN.

A late number of the *Epoca*, of Madrid, has the following:

The English papers contain a number of letters from Lisbon, which speak of the publication of pamphlets, the object of which is to prepare the union of the Iberian peninsula as a necessity of the new condition of Spain. It is useless to add that the English press take good care to say that these projects meet with a terrible resistance in Portugal, and that if any Power in Europe should favor them, England would oppose it with all her might.

This news agrees perfectly with a Lisbon letter, which says that a pamphlet is circulating in that capital, favoring the annexation of Portugal to Spain. It is believed there that this work, although printed in Paris, was originated in Lisbon, and that it represents the ideas of a party of no mean influence.

TURKEY.

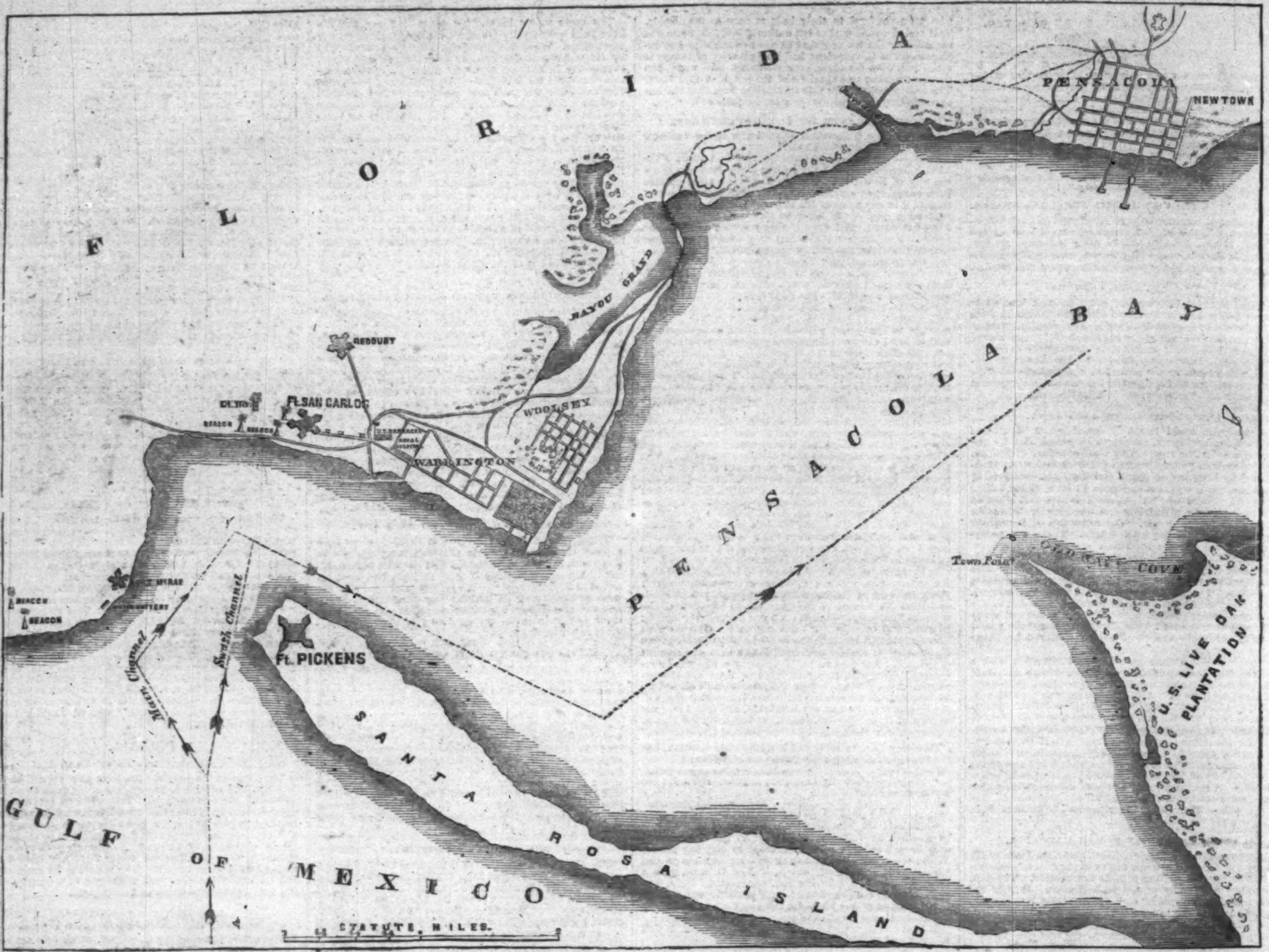
DEMORALIZATION AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

A letter from Europe says: "A young lady of my acquaintance has just returned from a six months' stay at Constantinople. By her account nothing can exceed the fraud, personal danger, corruption, and uncertainty that are seen daily on the banks of the Bosphorus. This last summer one of the Sultan's wives went shopping, along with two eunuchs to guard her, and she laughed a little and had a bit of 'chaff' with the shopmen at one store. This was reported by the eunuchs, and the next morning she was sent straight to the slave market, and sold to the highest bidder. One of the daughters of the Sultan, by one of his numerous wives, was married, and the husband not being the sort of a man he was taken for, he was sent out fishing one day, pitched overboard, and sent to Davy Jones. In three or four days another husband was found for the damsel; it is to be hoped he was more popular. All the male children of the Sultan's daughters are at once put out of existence, as their presence might some time get up embarrassing claims to the throne. Not unfrequently a young lady will be called for at the house where she lives—an hour taken when her parents or guardians are out—and sent word in that some one wants to speak to her. As it is in the daytime, she suspects nothing and runs to the door. She is at once seized, gagged, and carried off by several men, and never heard of again."

CHINA.

THE LOOT OF THE PALACE.

A correspondent of the London *Times* at Pekin says that the estimate of the property pillaged and destroyed at the Emperor's summer palace exceeds £6,600,000 sterling. Every soldier who was present is replete with the most valuable loot. Domestic articles in pure gold, and gems of great value, are in possession of many of the men.


F L O R I D A
PENSACOLA
NEW TOWN
BAYOU GRAND
REDOUBT
Ft. SAN CARLOS
BEACON
BEACON
U.S. BARRACKS
NAVAL HOSPITAL
WARRINGTON
WOOLSEY
PENSACOLA BAY
Town Point
COVE
U.S. LIVE OAK PLANTATION
FORT McRAE
WATER BATTERY
BEACON
BEACON
Main Channel
Swash Channel
Ft. PICKENS
SANTA ROSA ISLAND
GULF OF MEXICO
STATUTE MILES

THE HARBOR OF PENSACOLA, FLORIDA, SHOWING THE FORTS, NAVY YARD, ETC.—[See next Page.]

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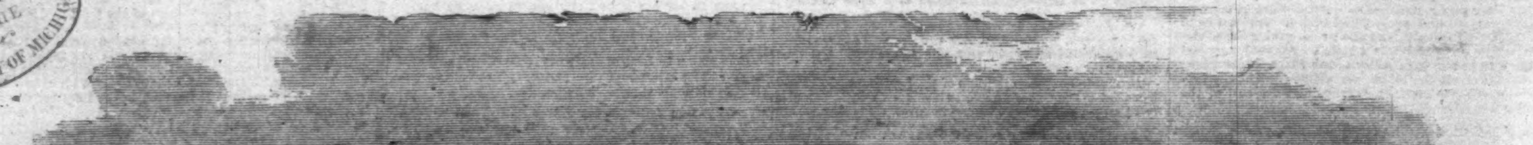
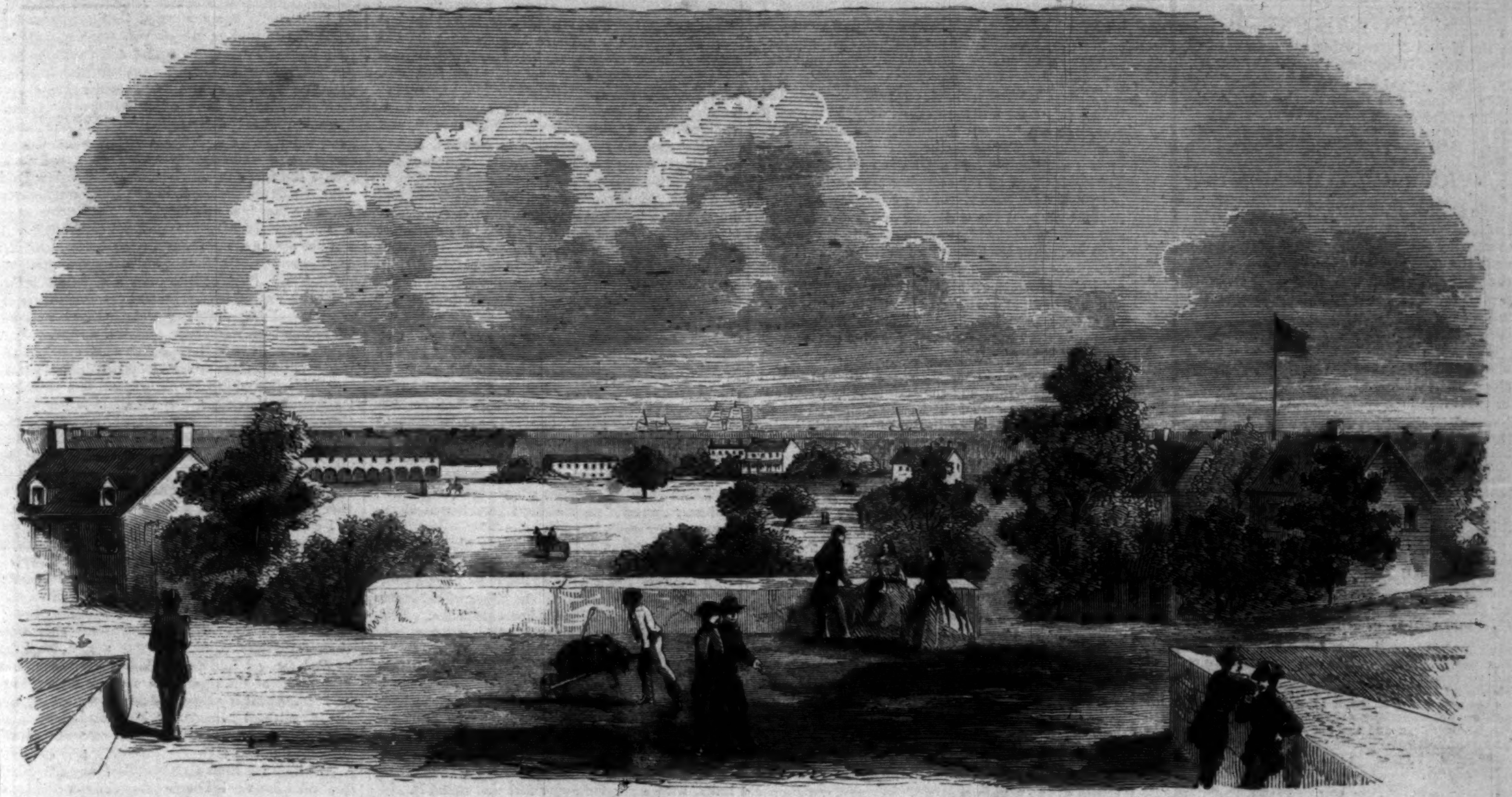


THE CITY OF MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, SHOWING THE STATE HOUSE WHERE THE CONGRESS OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY MEETS ON FEBRUARY 4, 1861.



INTERIOR OF FORTRESS MONROE, VIRGINIA.

THE HARBOR OF PENSACOLA.

The chart on page 88 will enable our readers to understand the newspaper accounts of the position of affairs at Pensacola. Fort Pickens, the heaviest Fort in the harbor, which occupies to the other Forts the same position that Sumter does to Moultrie and Pinckney at Charleston, is in the hands of the United States troops, being held by Lieut. Slemmer of the Army, with some 80 men. Under its guns lie the United States sloop *Wyandotte* and a Revenue Cutter. Opposite Fort Pickens, and at a distance of about one mile and a half, stands a water battery known as Fort M'Rae; further along the shore stands Fort Barancas, and further on still is the Pensacola Navy Yard. All of these are held by the Florida and Alabama troops, who are commanded by Major Chase, late of the United States Army.

The Pensacola *Observer* of the 15th ult. gives the following account of the surrender by Commodore Armstrong of the Pensacola Navy Yard. The demand was made by Colonel Lomax, commanding the State troops, in the name of Governor Perry, of Florida:

"Commodore Armstrong responded substantially that he had devoted nearly the whole of his long life to the public service of his country; that he had loved and protected its flag in sunshine and in storm; that his heart was then bleeding over the contemplation of the distracted condition of the American Union; that he was a native of Kentucky, which had no navy, and therefore knew not where he should go to make a livelihood in his declining years; that he had no adequate force to make resistance, and that if he had, notwithstanding the foregoing considerations, he would prefer the loss of his own life to the destruction of the lives of his fellow-countrymen. His voice trembled with emotion as he closed his brief and affecting remarks by the announcement that he relinquished his authority to the representative of the sovereignty of Florida.

"The order was immediately given by Captain Renshaw, Flag-Officer, to haul down the flag of the Union, which was done; and in lieu thereof is another flag with thirteen alternate stripes of red and white, and blue field, with a large white star, announcing the changed political condition of our State.

"Every thing was conducted in the most orderly and respectful manner, attended with a degree of solemn interest which was manifested upon the countenances of hundreds of citizens and soldiers present.

"Captain Randolph was placed in command of the yard, and Colonel Lomax took possession of Fort Barancas and quarters, where he remains stationed, immediately opposite and in full view of Fort Pickens, occupied by the United States troops, with the old flag of the Union flying in the breeze upon its frowning walls. The spiked guns, fifteen in number, in Fort Barancas, have been repaired, by drilling, for effective use.

"We omitted to mention that the magazine, containing a large amount of ammunition, was taken by a detachment of troops as soon as the command arrived at the yard.

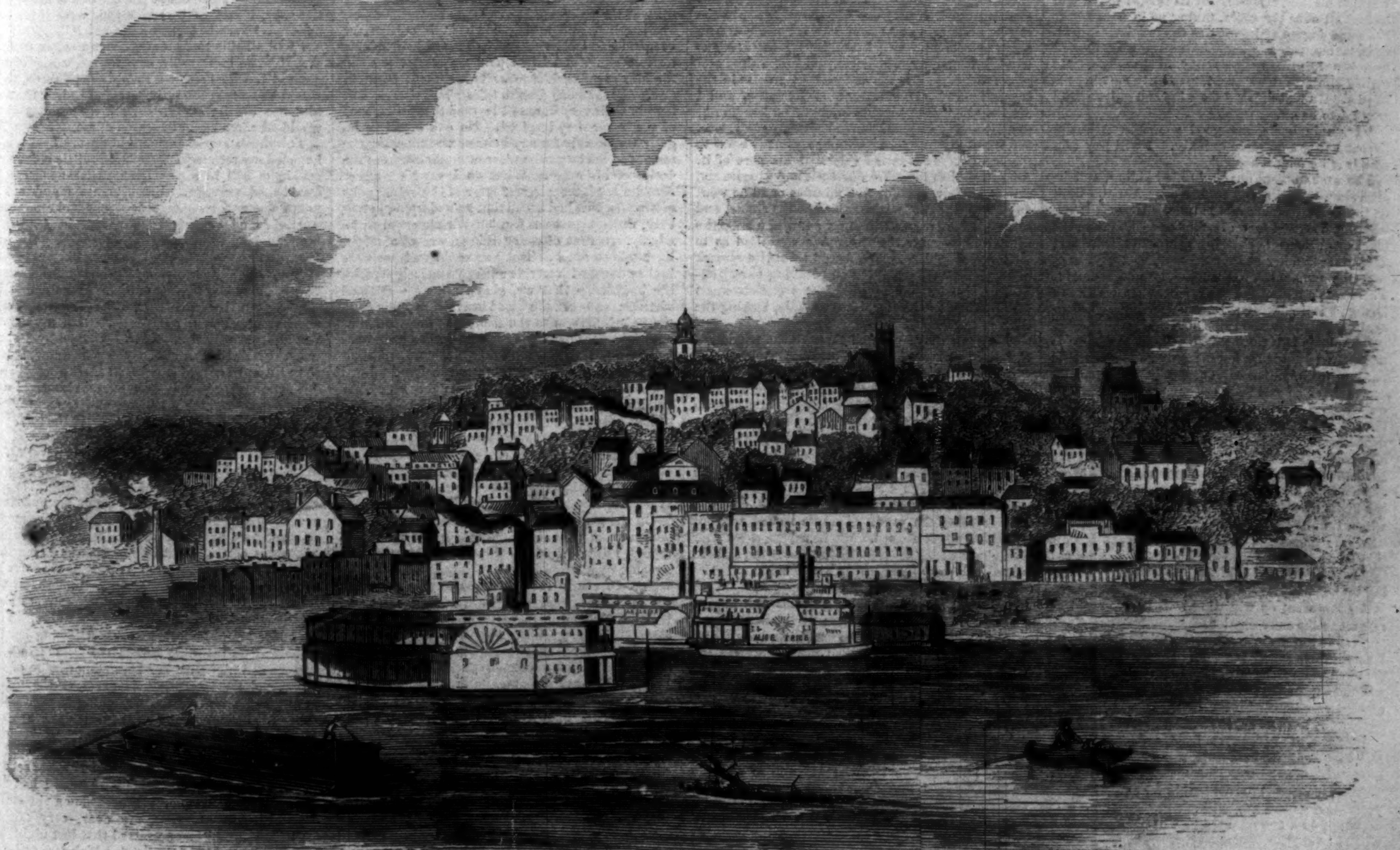
"Lieutenant Slemmer, when he evacuated Fort M'Rae, destroyed about 150 kegs of powder, by knocking out the heads and throwing them into the bay. His object appeared to be only to keep the guns from the fort being opened upon him while he retreated, as he left a large quantity of powder in the magazine. He not only spiked the guns, but rammed down the muzzles the wooden pieces used for stopping them, which had to be bored out by pump borers by our forces before they could be used. They have all been unspiked with the exception of two, and are now ready for use."

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.

On 4th February the delegates to the first Constituent Assembly of the Southern Confederacy meet at Montgomery, Ala. We accordingly present on page 88 a picture of the principal street of that city, showing the State Capitol, in which the deliberations of the Assembly will take place. Montgomery is a pretty city of some nine or ten thousand inhabitants, situated on the River Alabama. It does a lively business in cotton, and its mart is one of the most important of the secondary markets of the South. It is expected that Montgomery will become the capital of the Southern Confederacy.

FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA.

In our last Number we gave a view of the sea battery of Fort Monroe; we now present the interior of that work, taken from the top of the gateway. Fort Monroe, as every body knows, commands the port of Norfolk. It stands at the mouth of the James River; in summer time it is a place of fashionable resort by sea-bathers, and the parapet of the Fort is crowded every evening with gay



THE CITY OF VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI, WHERE THE BATTERY WAS RAISED TO STOP PASSING VESSELS.—[See next Page.]

promenaders. The Fort itself is one of the largest in the United States, being one mile in circumference. It has lately been the scene of much activity. The garrison has been strengthened, and new guns mounted; so that now the Fort is in a condition of defense.

VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.

We publish on page 89 a view of the city of Vicksburg, Mississippi, where a battery was recently erected by the Mississippians, with a view to prevent the navigation of the Mississippi by vessels carrying United States troops. Vicksburg is a pretty town of some 5000 inhabitants; it is 400 miles from New Orleans, and is the seat of a flourishing cotton trade.

When the battery was first erected it was placed above the city; but the position was afterward changed, as we learn from the following paragraph in the Vicksburg *Whig* of 16th:

> "The position of the military companies having been changed to below the steamboat landing, down-stream boats will not be required to stop above the city. Captains should bear in mind that they will not be permitted to pass down without making a landing here, and not get below the wharf-boat with their boats before indicating their intention of stopping. As boats seldom pass here without landing, they will find no trouble in complying with the above."

The people of the West, who were not a little concerned at this interference with the navigation of their great river, were probably somewhat relieved by the following passage in the last Message of Governor Pettus, of Mississippi:

> "I further recommend that the most prompt and efficient measures be adopted to make known to the people of the Northwestern States that peaceful commerce on the Mississippi River will be neither interrupted or annoyed by the authorities or people of Mississippi. This, in my opinion, will materially aid in preserving peace between the Northwestern and the Southern States, if it can be preserved."

THE GRAY WOMAN.

[CONCLUDED.]

The blacksmith's forge was in a shed beside the house, and fronting the road. I heard the hammers stop plying their continual rhythmical beat. She had seen why they ceased. A rider had come up to the forge and dismounted, leading his horse in to be re-shod. The broad red light of the forge-fire had revealed the face of the rider to Amante, and she apprehended the consequence that really ensued.

The rider, after some words with the blacksmith, was ushered in by him into the house-place where we sat.

"Here, good wife, a cup of wine and some galette for this gentleman!"

"Any thing, any thing, Madame, that I can eat and drink in my hand while my horse is being shod. I am in haste, and must get on to Forbach to-night."

The blacksmith's wife lighted her lamp; Amante had asked her for it five minutes before. How thankful we were that she had not more speedily complied with our request! As it was, we sat in dusk shadow, pretending to stitch away, but scarcely able to see. The lamp was placed on the stove, near which my husband, for it was he, stood and warmed himself. By-and-by he turned round and looked all over the room, taking us in with about the same degree of interest as the inanimate furniture. Amante, cross-legged, fronting him, stooped over her work, whistling softly all the while. He turned again to the stove, impatiently rubbing his hands. He had finished his wine and galette, and wanted to be off.

"I am in haste, my good woman. Ask thy husband to get on more quickly. I will pay him double if he makes haste."

The woman went out to do his bidding, and he once more turned round to face us. Amante went on to the second part of the tune. He took it up, whistled a second for an instant or so, and then the blacksmith's wife re-entering he moved toward her, as if to receive her answer the more speedily.

"One moment, Monsieur—only one moment. There was a nail out of the off fore-shoe which my husband is replacing; it would delay Monsieur again if that shoe also came off."

"Madame is right," said he, "but my haste is urgent. If Madame knew my reasons she would pardon my impatience. Once a happy husband, now a deserted and betrayed man, I pursue a wife on whom I lavished all my love, but who has abused my confidence, and fled from my house, doubtless to some paramour, carrying off with her all the jewels and money on which she could lay her hands. It is possible Madame may have heard or seen something of her; she was accompanied in her flight by a base, profligate woman from Paris, whom I, unhappy man, had myself engaged for my wife's waiting-maid, little dreaming what corruption I was bringing into my house!"

"Is it possible?" said the good woman, throwing up her hands.

Amante went on whistling a little lower, out of respect to the conversation.

"However, I am tracing the wicked fugitives; I am on their track" (and the handsome effeminate face looked as ferocious as any demon's). "They will not escape me; but every minute is a minute of misery to me till I meet my wife. Madame has sympathy, has she not?"

He drew his face into a hard, unnatural smile, and then both went out to the forge, as if once more to hasten the blacksmith over his work.

Amante stopped her whistling for one instant.

"Go on as you are, without change of an eyelid even; in a few minutes he will be gone, and it will be over!"

It was a necessary caution, for I was on the point of giving way, and throwing myself weakly upon her neck. We went on; she whistling and stitching, I making semblance to sew. And it was well we did so; for almost directly he came back for his whip, which he had laid down and forgotten; and again I felt one of those sharp, quick-scanning glances sent all round the room, and taking in all.

Then we heard him ride away; and then—it had been long too dark to see well—I dropped my work and gave way to my trembling and shuddering. The blacksmith's wife returned. She was a good creature. Amante told her I was cold and weary, and she insisted on my stopping my work and going to sit near the stove. To cover my agitation Amante stopped her whistling and began to talk; and by the time the blacksmith came in she and the good woman of the house were in full flow. He began at once upon the handsome gentleman who had paid him so well; all his sympathy was with him, and both he and his wife only wished he might overtake his wicked wife, and punish her as she deserved. And then the conversation took a turn not uncommon to those whose lives are quiet and monotonous; every one seemed to vie with each other in telling about some horror; and the savage and mysterious band of robbers called the Chauffeurs, who infested all the roads leading to the Rhine, with Schinderhannes at their head, furnished many a tale which made the very marrow of my bones run cold, and quenched even Amante's power of talking. Her eyes grew large and wild, her cheeks blanched, and for once she sought by her looks help from me. The new call upon me roused me. I rose and said, with their permission my husband and I would seek our bed, for that we had traveled far and were early risers. I added that we would get up betimes, and finish our piece of work. The blacksmith said we should be early birds if we rose before him; and the good wife seconded my proposal with kindly bustle. One other such story as those they had been relating, and I do believe Amante would have fainted.

As it was, a night's rest set her up; we arose and finished our work betimes, and shared the plentiful breakfast of the family. Then we had to set forth again. We came one night to a small town, with a good large rambling inn in the very centre of the principal street. We took our supper in the darkest corner of the salle-à-manger, having previously bargained for a small bedroom across the court, and over the stables. Just in the middle of our meal the public diligence drove lumbering up under the porte cochère, and disgorged its passengers. Most of them turned into the room where we sat cowering and fearful. Among the passengers came in a young fair-haired lady, attended by an elderly French maid. The poor young creature tossed her head, and shrank away from the common room, full of evil smells and promiscuous company, and demanded in German French to be taken to some private apartment. We heard that she and her maid had come in the coupé, and probably from pride, poor young lady! she had avoided all association with her fellow-passengers, thereby exciting their dislike and ridicule. All these little pieces of hearsay had a significance to us afterward, though at the time the only remark made that bore upon the future was Amante's whisper to me that the young lady's hair was exactly the color of mine, which she had cut off and burned in the stove in the miller's kitchen in one of her descents from our hiding-place in the loft.

As soon as we could we struck round in the shadow, leaving the boisterous and merry fellow-passengers to their supper. We crossed the court, borrowed a lantern from the hostler, and scrambled up the rude steps to our chamber above the stable. There was no door into it; the entrance was the hole into which the ladder fitted. The window looked into the court. We were tired and soon fell asleep. I was wakened by a noise in the stable below. One instant of listening, and I awakened Amante, placing my hand on her mouth, to prevent any exclamation in her half-roused state. We heard my husband speaking about his horse to the hostler. It was his voice. I am sure of it. Amante said so too. We durst not move to rise and satisfy ourselves. For five minutes or so he went on giving directions. Then he left the stable, and softly stealing to our window we saw him cross the court and re-enter the inn. We consulted as to what we should do. We feared to excite remark or suspicion by descending and leaving our chamber, or else immediate escape was our strongest idea. Then the hostler left the stable, locking the door on the outside.

"We must try and drop through the window—if, indeed, it is well to go at all," said Amante.

With reflection came wisdom. We should excite suspicion by leaving without paying our bill. We were on foot, and might easily be pursued. So we sat on our bed's edge, talking and shivering, while from across the court the laughter rang merrily, and the company slowly dispersed one by one, their lights flitting past the windows as they went up stairs, and settled each one to their rest.

In the dead of night we heard a soft, cautious step crossing the yard. Amante looked out, but dared not speak a word. We heard the great door into the street open—a pause for mounting, and the horse's footsteps were lost in distance.

After that we fell sound asleep. We slept long and late. We were wakened by many hurrying feet and many confused voices; all the world seemed awake and astir. We rose and dressed ourselves, and coming down we looked around among the crowd collected in the court-yard, in order to assure ourselves *he* was not there before we left the shelter of the stable.

The instant we were seen two or three people rushed to us.

"Have you heard?—Do you know?—That poor young lady—oh, come and see!" and so we were hurried, almost in spite of ourselves, across the court and up the great open stairs of the main building of the inn, into a bedchamber, where lay the beautiful young German lady, so full of graceful pride the night before, now white and still in death. By her stood the French maid, crying and gesticulating.

"Oh, Madame! if you had but suffered me to stay with you! Oh! the baron—what will he say?" and so she went on. Her state had but just been discovered; it had been supposed that she was fatigued, and was sleeping late, until a few minutes before. The surgeon of the town had been sent for, and the landlord of the inn was trying vainly to enforce order until he came, and from time to time drinking little cups of brandy, and offering them to the guests, who were all assembled there, pretty much as the servants were doing in the court-yard.

At last the surgeon came. All fell back, and hung on the words that were to fall from his lips.

"See!" said the landlord. "This lady came last night by the diligence with her maid. Doubtless a great lady, for she must have a private sitting-room—"

"She was Madame the Baroness de Rœder," said the French maid.

—"And was difficult to please in the matter of supper, and a sleeping-room. She went to bed well, though fatigued. Her maid left her—"

"I begged to be allowed to sleep in her room, as we were in a strange inn, of the character of which we knew nothing; but she would not let me, my mistress was such a great lady."

—"And slept with my servants," continued the landlord. "This morning we thought Madame was still slumbering; but when eight, nine, ten, and near eleven o'clock came, I bade her maid use my pass-key and enter her room—"

"The door was not locked, only closed. And here she was found—dead, is she not, Monsieur?—with her face down on her pillow, and her beautiful hair all scattered wild; she never would let me tie it up, saying it made her head ache. Such hair!" said the waiting-maid, lifting up a long golden tress and letting it fall again.

I remembered Amante's words the night before, and crept close up to her.

Meanwhile the doctor was examining the body underneath the bed-clothes, which the landlord, until now, had not allowed to be disarranged. The surgeon drew out his hand all bathed and stained with blood, and holding up a short sharp knife, with a piece of paper fastened round it.

"Here has been foul play," he said. "The deceased lady has been murdered. This dagger was aimed straight at her heart." Then, putting on his spectacles, he read the writing on the bloody paper, dimmed and horribly obscured as it was:

Numero Un.

Ainsi les Chauffeurs se vengent.

"Let us go!" said I to Amante. "Oh, let us leave this horrible place!"

"Wait a little," said she. "Only a few minutes more. It will be better."

Immediately the voices of all proclaimed their suspicions of the cavalier who had arrived last the night before. He had, they said, made so many inquiries about the young lady, whose supercilious conduct all in the salle-à-manger had been discussing on his entrance. They were talking about her as we left the room; he must have come in directly afterward; and not until he had learned all about her had he spoken of the business which necessitated his departure at dawn of day, and made his arrangements with both landlord and hostler for the possession of the keys of the stable and porte cochère. In short, there was no doubt as to the murderer, even before the arrival of the legal functionary who had been sent for by the surgeon; but the words on the paper chilled every one with terror. Les Chauffeurs, who were they? No one knew; some of the gang might even then be in the room, overhearing, and noting down fresh objects for vengeance. In Germany I had heard little of this terrible gang, and I had paid no greater heed to the stories related once or twice about them in Carlsruhe than one does to tales about ogres. But here in their very haunts I learned the full amount of the terror they inspired. No one would be legally responsible for any evidence criminating the murderer. The public prosecutor shrank from the duties of his office. What do I say? Neither Amante nor I, knowing far more of the actual guilt of the man who had killed that poor sleeping young lady, durst breathe a word. We appeared to be wholly ignorant of every thing: we, who might have told so much. But how could we? we were broken down with terrific anxiety and fatigue, with the knowledge that we, above all, were doomed victims; and that the blood heavily dripping from the bed-clothes on to the floor, was dripping thus out of the poor dead body because when living she had been mistaken for me.

At length Amante went up to the landlord and asked permission to leave his inn, doing all openly and humbly, so as to excite neither ill-will nor suspicion. Indeed, suspicion was otherwise directed, and he willingly gave us leave to depart. A few days afterward we were across the Rhine, in Germany, making our way toward Frankfort, but still keeping our disguises, and Amante still working at her trade.

On the way we met a young man, a wandering journeyman from Heidelberg. I knew him, although I did not choose that he should know me. Amante questioned him about my brother and his wife. Of course they lived on at the mill; but the man said (with what truth I know not, but I believed it firmly at the time) that Babette had completely got the upper hand of my brother, who only saw through her eyes and heard with her ears. That there had been much Heidelberg gossip of late days about her sudden intimacy with a grand French gentleman who had appeared at the mill—a relation by marriage—married, in fact, to the miller's sister, who, by all accounts, had behaved abominably and ungratefully. But that was no reason for Babette's extreme and sudden intimacy with him, going about every where with the French gentleman; and since he left (as the Heidelberger said he knew for a fact) corresponding with him constantly. Yet her husband saw no harm in it all seemingly; though, to be sure, he was so out of spirits, what with his father's death and the news of his sister's infamy, that he hardly knew how to hold up his head.

"Now," said Amante, "all this proves that M. de la Tourelle has suspected that you would go back to the nest in which you were reared, and that he has been there, and found that you have not yet returned; but probably he still imagines that you will do so, and has accordingly engaged your sister-in-law as a kind of informant. Madame has said that her sister-in-law bore her no extreme good-will; and the defamatory story he has got the start of us in spreading will not tend to increase the favor in which your sister-in-law holds you. No doubt the assassin was retracing his steps when we met him near Forbach, and having heard of the poor German lady, with her French maid and her pretty blonde complexion, he followed her. If Madame will still be guided by me—and, my child, I beg of you still to trust me," said Amante, breaking out of her respectful formality into the way of talking more natural to those who had shared and escaped from common dangers—more natural, too, where the speaker was conscious of a power of protection which the other did not possess—"we will go on to Frankfort, and lose ourselves, for a time, at least, in the numbers of people who throng a great town; and you have told me that Frankfort is a great town. We will still be husband and wife; we will take a small lodging, and you shall housekeep and live in-doors. I, as the rougher and the more alert, will continue my father's trade, and seek work at the tailors' shops."

I could think of no better plan, so we followed this out. In a back street at Frankfort we found two furnished rooms to let on a sixth story. I never stirred abroad, and saw no one, and Amante's want of knowledge of German kept her in a state of comparative isolation.

At length my child was born—my poor worse than fatherless child. It was a girl, as I had prayed for. I had feared lest a boy might have something of the tiger nature of its father, but a girl seemed all my own. And yet not all my own, for the faithful Amante's delight and glory in the babe almost exceeded mine; in outward show it certainly did.

We had not been able to afford any attendance beyond what a neighboring sage-femme could give, and she came frequently, bringing in with her a little store of gossip, and wonderful tales culled out of her own experience, every time. One day she began to tell me about a great lady in whose service her daughter had lived as scullion, or some such thing. Such a beautiful lady! with such a handsome husband! But grief comes to the palace as well as to the garret, and why or wherefore no one knew, but somehow the Baron de Rœder must have incurred the vengeance of the terrible Chauffeurs; for not many months ago, as Madame was going to see her relations in Alsace, she was stabbed dead as she lay in bed at some hotel on the road. Had I not seen it in the *Gazette*? Had I not heard? Why, she had been told that as far off as Lyons there were placards offering a heavy reward on the part of the Baron de Rœder for information respecting the murderer of his wife. But no one could help him, for all who could bear evidence were in such terror of the Chauffeurs; there were hundreds of them she had been told, rich and poor, great gentlemen and peasants, all leagued together by most frightful oaths to hunt to the death any one who bore witness against them; so that even they who survived the tortures to which the Chauffeurs subjected many of the people whom they plundered dared not to recognize them again, would not dare, even did they see them at the bar of a court of justice; for, if one were condemned, were there not hundreds sworn to avenge his death?"

I told all this to Amante, and we began to fear that if M. de la Tourelle, or Lefebvre, or any of the gang at Les Rochers, had seen these placards, they would know that the poor lady stabbed by the former was the Baroness de Rœder, and that they would set forth again in search of me.

This fresh apprehension told on my health and impeded my recovery. We had so little money we could not call in a physician, at least not one in established practice. But Amante found out a young doctor for whom, indeed, she had sometimes worked; and offering to pay him in kind, she brought him to see me, her sick wife. He was very gentle and thoughtful, though, like ourselves, very poor. But he gave much time and consideration to the case, saying once to Amante that he saw my constitution had experienced some severe shock from which it was probable that my nerves would never entirely recover. By-and-by I shall name this doctor, and then you will know, better than I can describe, his character.

I grew strong in time—stronger, at least. I was able to work a little at home, and to sun myself and my baby at the garret-window in the roof. It was all the air I dared to take.

One day Amante returned from her work, full of news: she had that day met the traveling jeweler to whom she and I had sold my ring. It was rather a peculiar one, given to me by my husband; we had felt at the time that it might be the means of tracing us, but we were penniless and starving, and what else could we do? She had seen that this Frenchman had recognized her at the same instant that she did him, and she thought at the same time that there was a gleam of more than common intelligence on his face as he did so. This idea had been confirmed by his following her for some way on the other side of the street; but she had evaded him with her better knowledge of the town, and the increasing darkness of the night. Still it was well that she was going to such a distance from our dwelling on the next day; and she had brought me in a stock of provisions, begging me to keep within doors, with a strange kind of fearful oblivion of the fact that I had never set foot beyond the threshold of the house since I had first entered it—scarce ever ventured down the stairs. But although my poor, my dear, very faithful Amante was like one possessed that last night, she spoke continually of the dead, which is a bad sign for the living. She kissed you—yes! it was you, my daughter, my darling, whom I bore beneath my bosom away from the fearful castle of your father—I call him so for the first time, I must call him so once again before I have done—Amante kissed you, sweet baby, blessed little comforter, as if she never could leave off. And then she went away, alive.

Two days, three days passed away. That third evening I was sitting within my bolted doors—you asleep on your pillow by my side—when a step came up the stair, and I knew it must be for me; for ours were the topmost rooms. Some one knocked; I held my very breath. But some one spoke, and I knew it was the good Doctor Voss. Then I crept to the door, and answered,

"Are you alone?" asked I.

"Yes," said he, in a still lower voice. "Let me in." I let him in, and he was as alert as I in bolting and barring the door. Then he came and whispered to me his doleful tale. He had come from the hospital in the opposite quarter of the town, the hospital which he visited; he should have been with me sooner, but he had feared lest he should be watched. He had come from Amante's death-bed. Her fears of the jeweler were too well-founded. She had left the house where she was employed that morning to transact some errand connected with her work in the town; she must have been followed, and dogged on her way back through solitary wood-paths, for some of the wood rangers belonging to the great house had found her lying there, stabbed to death, but not dead; with the poniard again plunged through the fatal writing, once more; but this time with the word "un" underlined, so as to show that the assassin was aware of his previous mistake.

Numéro *Un*.
Ainsi les Chauffeurs se vengent.

They had carried her to the house, and given her restoratives till she had recovered the feeble use of her speech. But oh, faithful dear friend and sister! even then she remembered me, and refused to tell (what no one else among her fellow-workmen knew) where she lived or with whom. Life was ebbing away fast, and they had no resource but to carry her to the nearest hospital, where, of course, the fact of her sex was made known. Fortunately both for her and for me the doctor in attendance was the very Doctor Voss whom we already knew. To him, while awaiting her confessor, she told enough to enable him to understand the position in which I was left; before the priest had heard half her tale Amante was dead.

Doctor Voss told me he had made all sorts of detours, and waited thus, late at night, for fear of being watched and followed. But I do not think he was. At any rate, as I afterward learned from him, the Baron Rœder, on hearing of the similitude of this murder with that of his wife in every particular, made such a search after the assassins that, although they were not discovered, they were compelled to take to flight for the time.

I can hardly tell you now by what arguments Dr. Voss, at first merely my benefactor, sparing me a portion of his small modicum, at length persuaded me to become his wife. His wife he called it, I called it; for we went through the religious ceremony too much slighted at the time, and as we were both Lutherans, and M. de la Tourelle had pretended to be of the reformed religion, a divorce from the latter would have been easily procurable by German law both ecclesiastical and legal, could we have summoned so fearful a man into any court.

The good doctor took me and my child by stealth to his modest dwelling; and there I lived in the same deep retirement, never seeing the full light of day, although when the dye had once passed away from my face my husband did not wish me to renew it. There was no need; my yellow hair was gray, my complexion was ashen-colored, no creature could have recognized the fresh-colored, bright-haired young woman of eighteen months before. The few people whom I saw knew me only as Madame Voss; a widow much older than himself whom Dr. Voss had secretly married. They called me the Gray Woman.

He made me give you his surname. Till now you have known no other father—while he lived you needed no father's love. Once only, only once more, did the old terror come upon me. For some reason which I forget I broke through my usual custom and went to the window of my room for some purpose, either to shut or to open it. Looking out into the street for an instant I was fascinated by the sight of M. de la Tourelle, gay, young, elegant as ever, walking along on the opposite side of the street. The noise I had made with the window caused him to look up: he saw me, an old gray woman, and he did not recognize me! Yet it was not three years since we had parted, and his eyes were keen and dreadful like those of the lynx.

I told M. Voss on his return home, and he tried to cheer me, but the shock of seeing M. de la Tourelle had been too terrible for me. I was ill for long months afterward.

Once again I saw him. Dead. He and Lefebvre were at last caught—hunted down by the Baron de Rœder in some of their crimes. Dr. Voss had heard of their arrest, their condemnation, their death; but he never said a word to me, until one day he bade me show him that I loved him by my obedience and my trust. He took me a long carriage journey, where to I know not, for we never spoke of that day again; I was led through a prison, into a closed court-yard, where, decently draped in the last robes of death, concealing the marks of decapitation, lay M. de la Tourelle, and two or three others, whom I had known at Les Rochers.

After that conviction Dr. Voss tried to persuade me to return to a more natural mode of life, and to go out more. But although I sometimes complied with his wish, yet the old terror was ever strong upon me, and he, seeing what an effort it was, gave up urging me at last.

You know all the rest. How we both mourned bitterly the loss of that dear husband and father—for such I will call him ever—and as such you must consider him, my child, after this one revelation is over.

Why has it been made? you ask. For this reason, my child. The lover, whom you have only known as M. Lebrun, a French artist, told me but yesterday his real name, dropped because the bloodthirsty republicans might consider it as too aristocratic. It is Maurice de Poissy.

LOVE AMONG THE LILIES.

LIKE a prisoned poet inscribing eloquent odes to Liberty, Maria van Oosterwyck, pent in the centre of grim, old, frowning Delft, strove passionately to fix upon her canvas the glorious flowers and fruits of a far-off country, from which the town's every canal, lock, street, wall, and rampart combined to sunder her.

Through the mist, through the smoke and the shadow, and over the trees, there were eyes searching out the light form of Maria van Oosterwyck in her studio; and these—gay, bright, pleasant-looking eyes enough—were fixed in the head of Wilhelm van Aalst, a painter also, and a denizen of Delft, whose studio is exactly opposite to Maria's, on the other side of the street. He has set up his easel, and has work before him—a clever enough artist, painting still-life subjects dexterously, and in good repute for his dead game, scraps of armor, and gold and silver cups. But not a very sedulous worker; unable to devote himself to his labors, unable to forget—as the genuine student ever does—that there is a world going on outside his studio walls. Half a dozen touches, and he looks out of the window, down the street toward the market-place, or over the way at Maria; then another few touches, and a look in the glass at his own handsome face, and a twirling of his mustache, a pulling at his beard, or a tossing about of his long, thick chestnut locks. He makes up his mind at last; and perhaps he hasn't much to operate upon, for that matter. He flings away his pallet and brushes, arrays himself in a handsome velvet doublet, blue with narrow silver edging, dons a hat and feather, buckles on his rapier, and struts from his studio. No more work for to-day. He will pay visits; it is really quite a long time since he has seen his friends—twelve hours or so—he will call on Maria van Oosterwyck, and see how her lilies are getting on, and then he will dine—well, perhaps at the Golden Calf round the corner, and finish the evening there.

Absorbed in her lilies, her thin white hand supported by her mahl-stick, with the smallest, finest brush ever seen, defining hair-lines of light upon the outer rims of the flowers, Maria heard not the knock at her door—heard not the step upon the floor—knew not that any one had entered the room—was lost to all but her art—until a hand was laid gently upon her arm, and a voice murmured, accenting tenderly, "Incomparable Maria!"

She started up with quite a little scream, paler than ever, and her soft blue eyes open wide with alarm, like flowers beaten by a storm. She was a lovely specimen of the thorough blonde, flaxen even to eyebrows and eyelashes—a very human lily herself, so pure, and delicate, and lovable-looking.

"You frightened me, Wilhelm," she said, her first surprise a little passed off, and with just the slightest tone of reproval traceable in her voice. She was about to give her hand with the brush in it, but a glance at Wilhelm's gay doublet, and the thought of however so little a streak of cream-white would soil it, stopped her.

"Enthusiast!" Wilhelm went on, "devotee! You have no thought but for this!" And he pointed to the panel on the easel.

"Is it a fault?" she asked.

"No; but it is a reproach to the less devout."

"To yourself, then? Wilhelm, when will you work? When will you cleave to your easel, and be loth and sick at heart to leave it? So you have quitted work for to-day, and there remain five more good hours of daylight!"

Wilhelm blushed. He was a little crest-fallen at his reception. Had the blue velvet and the silver edging so small effect as this?

"I have nearly finished the picture of the dead falcon and the jeweled goblet."

Maria shook her head sorrowingly.

"You have not finished as you should finish it, Wilhelm. You may leave off work—you may let it go from your easel—you may barter it for a good price—but you will yet know in your heart that it is not a work such as should bear the name of Van Aalst. Why will you paint only for to-day, for the present hour, to supply your mere needs, and heed for nothing else? You must wish to live, Wilhelm, to be something in the future, to have your name honored and your works cherished. You owe this to yourself. Paint fewer pictures, and work more."

"I have not your talent, gentle Maria."

"You have more than my poor talent, Wilhelm, a thousand times. With all my labor, pouring out my life at the foot of my easel, I know I can not approach the genius you possess, if you would but render it justice."

"I have not your devotion, Maria."

"You loved your art once, Wilhelm; you had high, grand thoughts about it once."

"Boyish dreams."

"They might have been the facts of your manhood, had you chosen so, good friend."

It was hard upon him—who had come to create a sensation, to win the admiration of the fair enthusiast—to meet so chilly a welcome, such a lecture upon his shortcomings. Maria herself began to think so at length, and changed the subject.

"Do you like my lilies?"

"They are exquisite, they are inimitable—full of your own grace, and subtlety, and expression. You have nearly completed them."

"No, there remains much to do. See, these leaves are hardly touched; this bud is mere raw color."

There was a pause. He looked from the panel to her. Standing so humbly and gently before a most marvelous effort of painting, how could he help great admiration and love possessing his heart? How could he hinder them from sparkling in his handsome eyes? His one hand rested on his hip, the other toyed gracefully with the silver tassels of his cloak. He was in his most winning attitude. Maria looked up at him innocently, read something of his thoughts in his face, and then turned away, a little frightened, perhaps.

"You remember," he said, at length, in his most musical voice, "you remember, Maria, my first coming here?—my assumed bearing, my affecting to be a dealer, come to purchase your works, when my real aim was to see you, to become acquainted with you?"

"It was a trick, Wilhelm, a shameful trick." And she moved away from him.

"It was fair, for I loved you."

She put her hand to her heart, as though she had been struck there. She could not speak, but she waved her hand, by her gesture imploring him to desist.

"I loved you then, Maria, and from that day I have loved you more and more. If I have neglected my art, as you say, may not love be my excuse? Let that plead for me. Do not judge me too harshly."

She heard him like one in pain, trembling, and with closed, quivering eyes. He was about to continue; she placed her hand gently upon his.

"Cease, Wilhelm, I entreat of you."

"You don't love me, Maria?" The question was so musically, wilingly, fervidly breathed, it was almost irresistible. For some moments Maria could not speak. Her breath came and went so hurriedly, and she trembled so.

"I dare not"—in a low, broken whisper.

"You doubt me?" She bowed her head affirmatively, and to hide her blushes and her tears.

Wilhelm had had little experience in failure. He was puzzled, amazed. Could it be that his love was rejected? He was about to break out into expostulations, into passionate oaths and entreaties; but a look from Maria stopped him.

"You, who are false to art, can I hope that you will be true to me?"

"But I love you."

"You loved art once, Wilhelm: you neglect it now."

"But I will never neglect you, dearest. I swear it."

"False in one, false in all."

"Marie, this is cruelty."

"Let it be so, Wilhelm, and let us part. Leave me to my lilies; they can never be to me less good, and pure, and true. I can not quit them, to give my troth to one who may one day turn from me, his love fallen from him like a withered leaf. If I surrendered them, Wilhelm, for you, and the time should come, as it would, doubt not, when you would cease to love me—when I should be to you a poor frail woman, charmless, lustreless—I could not bear it. Wilhelm, it would be death."

"But this is a nightmare, darling; it never shall be truth. I love you; I love art; I have never ceased to love art. I will always love you both."

But Maria only shook her head sadly, murmuring, "False in one, false in all."

"But try me. These are not mere words—idle, vain: test them; they will bear it."

She looked at him earnestly; there seemed honesty in his face and in his speech.

"First then: You will be true to art."

"I swear it."

"You will work honestly; you will be at your easel for six hours a day at least, continuously; painting scrupulously, rendering faithful account of the objects you paint, as they seem to you; not trickily, or to produce rapidly, or to sell quickly. You will shun low company; you will not be seen with Heil, or Brocken, or Vander Noove. You will avoid the Golden Calf; you will cease to make Delft ring with your dissipations. You hear me, Wilhelm!"

"I will do all this, Maria."

"And for six months—mark that; you will do all this for six months."

"I may see you the while, may I not?"

"No, Wilhelm: it is better not; it is better not, for both our sakes. At the end of six months come to me. Tell me you have done all this faithfully; tell me you have been true to yourself—to art—to me. Tell me that you love art truly, and as you love art, love me."

"And if I do this, you—"

She gave him a little white hand. He pressed it passionately to his lips.

"You are mine, Maria!"

"Six months have yet to pass, Wilhelm."

He hardly heard her; he was dashing down the stairs mad with joy, and hope, and love. In five minutes his blue doublet was off, and he was hard at work before his easel.

The poor lily-lady, pressing her hands upon her head, was too shaken and bewildered to resume her pencil immediately. Soon, however, she turned toward her flowers, exclaiming with passion: "True or false, O my lilies, I can not love you less. I am still yours, and you will still be mine!"

There was a thick crust of snow upon all the gable-roofs of Delft; the canals were frozen; thick ice blocked up the river. The six months had passed. Maria was still at her easel. There were no lilies to be had now, only those upon her panel, perfected; so close were they to nature, it seemed not possible to carry imitation further. She was employed in painting a folded drapery of stamped puce-colored velvet, the back-ground of her picture. She seemed paler than ever now, and an air of fatigue and suffering haunted her face; yet she worked on in her old placid, simple, hearty way; the tiny pencils moved to and fro as steadily and perseveringly as ever.

"Six months to-day," she murmured once, halting but for a moment, only to resume again with a redoubled energy. But a step on the stairs soon set her hand trembling and her heart beating. She was compelled to desist. Wilhelm entered splendidly handsome in green velvet, with a thick studding of small gold buttons, a sweeping white feather in his hat, a glittering sword-belt, and heavy fur-trimming on his cloak. There was a triumphant flush upon his face as he walked rapidly toward Maria.

"You have come, then, Wilhelm?" she said.

"To claim fulfillment of your promise, dearest."

She fixed her glance earnestly upon his face, gazing into his eyes as though to read the truth in them.

"You have fulfilled *your* promise, Wilhelm; you have been true to art; you have worked sedulously, for six hours a day at least, uninterruptedly without quitting your studio; you have shunned low company and the tavern; you have been true to yourself and to me?"

Wilhelm bowed his glossy head affirmatively before her. He looked very superb indeed. Maria turned away her glance; she was shivering with nervous agitation—not cold, as he thought.

"And I may trust my happiness to your keeping?" she continued, still looking down.

"Dearest Maria, I swear that you shall never repent so doing."

And he twirled the ends of his ample mustache, and dusted his beard with a broidered kerchief, which, tucked in his doublet, had been adding to the curve of his massive chest.

Maria started back from him, and an angry light gleamed in the blue eyes wontedly so soft and gentle. It was like forked lightning breaking out suddenly on a calm summer sky.

"Wilhelm, you would scorn to play with cogged dice; you would beat to the earth any one who said you tricked at cards; you would condescend to dupe no man. Why, then, do you come here to me with a lie upon your lips?—why seek to cheat me? What have I ever done that you should turn against me thus? Is it because I am weak, and a woman, that I am to be treated with falsehoods—won by fraud?"

Wilhelm, amazed, puzzled, embarrassed, looked at her. He put forth his hand imploringly; he sought to speak; she waved back his approaches by an angry gesture. You would not have thought such fury could have possessed her. The lily was whirling in a tempest.

"You know that you have broken every letter of your promise; you know that your every act of late has been a falsehood to me; you know that I dare not confide my happiness in your hands; that you are utterly unworthy such a trust. This is nothing. You have a right to act as you will. To stain your name, your genius, your art, with mire, if you will; it is not for me to call for an account. But to act thus shamefully, and crown that shame by a lie, to me, to *me*, who, God knows, never would or could have done you wrong—Wilhelm, Wilhelm, it is too much!"

There were tears now upon her cheeks, like rain-drops on a lily.

Wilhelm stood speechless, abashed, and angry. His position was humiliating enough—to cheat, and to be found out too! Yet he tried to pluck up heart; and sturdy lying seemed his safest course—so his weak, false mind suggested.

"You wrong me, indeed, indeed."

"Stop!" she cried, putting her hands to her ears to shut out his words. "No more; you have lied enough. Look here!" and she pointed to the window-post: there were hundreds of streaks of lily white. "Each time you have failed in your promise I have registered the failure here. You have been absent from your studio; you have been idle; you have been gaping at the window, or idling at the door; you have spent days and nights at the Golden Calf. Heil has been with you, and Brocken, and Vander Noove, and—O Wilhelm—others who never should have been!"—and a blush crossed her cheek; it was as a sunset on a lily—"and you have painted worthless pictures. You know it—none better. Oh, in a thousand ways, you have been false; and here, see, here's the record."

In Wilhelm's culprit face, 'midst all his shame and confusion, yet lingered an interrogative: "How did you know all this?" She read it in his looks, without needing his words.

"My studio is opposite to yours; I can see you from here as well as you can see me from there."

"Yet your back was always turned?"

She could not help smiling, it was such a wretched, pitiful, school-boy plea.

"*You forgot the mirror!* With that in front of me I had no need to turn."

Wilhelm stamped on the ground with rage and disappointment, cursing a thousand times his own stupidity.

"Adieu! Maria van Oosterwyck."

"Adieu! Wilhelm van Aalst."

Utterly crushed and mortified, he moved to the door. There he stood for a moment, rallied a little, and with a feeble, broken swagger, with an attempt to conjure back something of his old grand manner, whispered softly: "And there is no hope, Maria?"

"None!" said the lady, stoutly. She was deaf to the voice of the charmer, and he went out banging the door, never to return. The poor girl, her trial over, broke down completely; she fell into a chair, weeping copiously.

"Heaven help me! And I so loved that man!"

With a strange curiosity and weakness, she sent her servant on the following morning to make inquiry concerning him. She learned that he had quitted Delft; it was said forever. Paris was thought to be his destination. Then Maria was on her knees once more before her panel: "O my lilies! I am yours forever—only yours. I will love but you."

And she kept her word, devoting herself to her art, and glorifying it by her devotion. And Europe struggled for possession of her works; not numerous, but all perfect. And Emperor Leopold, and Louis the Magnificent, and England's great monarch, William of Orange—all bought from her easel.

In 1693 she painted her last lily—never having seen again the faithless Wilhelm—never having loved again—still Maria van Oosterwyck.

REVOLUTION IN NAVAL WARFARE.

SHOT-PROOF IRON STEAMSHIPS.

WE engrave herewith pictures of the famous new experiments in ships of war—the British *Warrior*, and the French *La Gloire*, which are just now attracting so much attention. A British authority gives the following description of the two vessels:

"When the *Warrior* was designed, *La Gloire* was not afloat. All that was then known of her in England (and we have learned but little more of her since) amounted to this: that she was a timber-built ship, very much resembling one of our line-of-battle ships cut down, and cased from end to end with iron plates 4½ inches thick; that she was 252 feet 6 inches long (between the perpendiculars), 55 feet broad, and 27 feet 6 inches deep below the water-line; that her ports were to be 8 feet 6 inches apart, and from 5 to 6 feet above the water; that she was to be lightly rigged, and to possess but small sail-power; that her engines were to be of 900 (nominal) horse-power; that her estimated speed was about 11 knots per hour; and that she was to carry 34 guns on her main-deck, each firing 54-lb. shot, and two shell guns forward. The problem which the naval architects of this country were called upon to solve was this: what kind of vessel will best enable our seamen to contend successfully against *La Gloire* and similar ships?

"Before this problem came practically under the consideration of the naval architects at Whitehall, Mr. Scott Russel, the designer and builder of the *Great Eastern*, had, it appears, submitted to the Controller of the Navy designs for an iron-plated ship of war, in which was adopted a novel and ingenious device—that of defending only the central portion of the ship with armor, leaving her extremities free from its encumbrance.

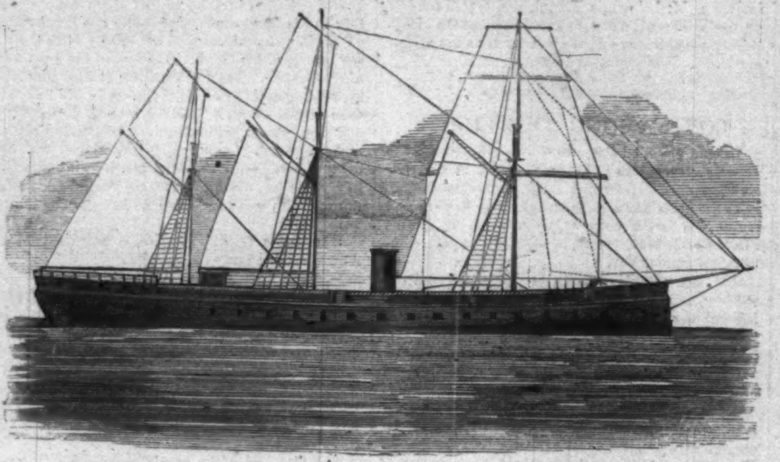
"From the fact that Sir John Pakington and his colleagues insisted upon a speed of 14 knots an hour, and the power of carrying provisions for four months, it is manifest that they resolved to oppose to *La Gloire* a real sea-going ship of war; not a mere floating battery, nor a craft that would have to keep the land in sight, but a ship which should be fit to take the open sea, and, if need be, to bear the flag of old England once more to the enemy's coasts. They clearly were determined, if not to reassert our old supremacy upon the ocean, at least to prevent supremacy being asserted by others. To this end, a high speed, and the power of keeping the sea for months together, were absolutely essential. This rendered several specific qualities necessary. For example, a sea-going ship must be furnished with masts and sails of sufficient dimensions to keep her perfectly manageable and sea-worthy in all weathers, under sail alone. No steamship of war can carry sufficient coals to keep her under full steam for more than a few days, and, consequently, neither the blockade of an enemy's port nor the pursuit of a hostile fleet—operations from which the British navy has never shrunk hitherto—can be performed by ships without large sail-power. It was necessary, again, to place the battery of such a ship at a considerable height above the water—not less than 9 feet, say; for a vessel whose battery is nearer the water, has to close her ports and silence her guns at the first approach of rough weather, and is altogether incapable at such a time of defending herself efficiently against a ship that has the advantage of her in this respect.

"In all these features the *Warrior* is, beyond question, superior to *La Gloire*. We assume here, to start with, that her speed will be at least two knots an hour greater than that of the latter ship. *La Gloire*, with her form, dimensions, and engine power, can not keep up an average speed of more than 11½ knots an hour; while, on the other hand, it is pretty certain that the *Warrior*, with her form, dimensions, and engine power, will prove capable of an average speed of at least 13½ knots.

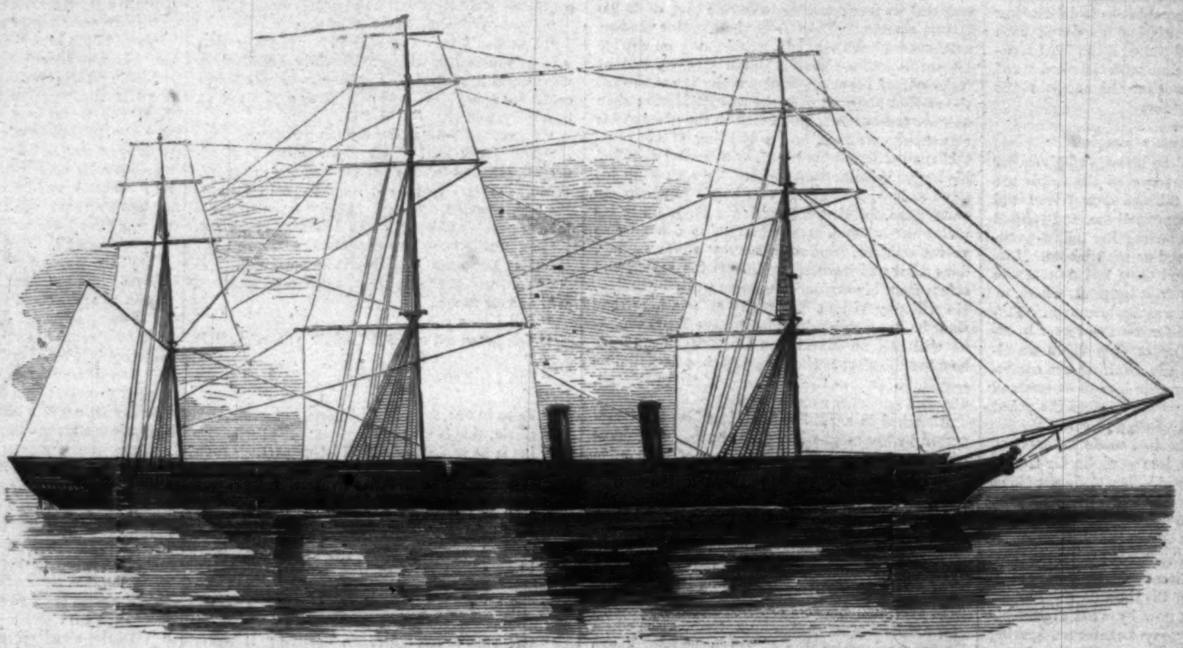
"She will likewise have the advantage of her in respect of sail-power, inasmuch as while *La Gloire* is lightly rigged for channel service only, the *Warrior* is furnished with the masts, spars, and sails of an English 80-gun ship.

"A comparison of the armaments of these extraordinary vessels is not a very important matter; because, supposing *La Gloire* to be impregnable, no British officer would think of spending time in exchanging shot or shell with her, when he had a ship of the *Warrior's* speed under his command. He would, of course, immediately close with her, and carry her by the good old English method of boarding—this being, in fact, the prime object of her great speed. With the 'tops' and rigging of the *Warrior* swarming with riflemen, no crew could be prevailed upon to keep the weather-deck of *La Gloire* when once the faster ship had closed upon her; and although provision for deck defense against boarders has been made in the French ship, we, at least, can not believe that her tri-color would long continue flying. The height of the *Warrior's* sides is eminently favorable to the operation, as the men could readily leap from them upon the low deck of *La Gloire*.

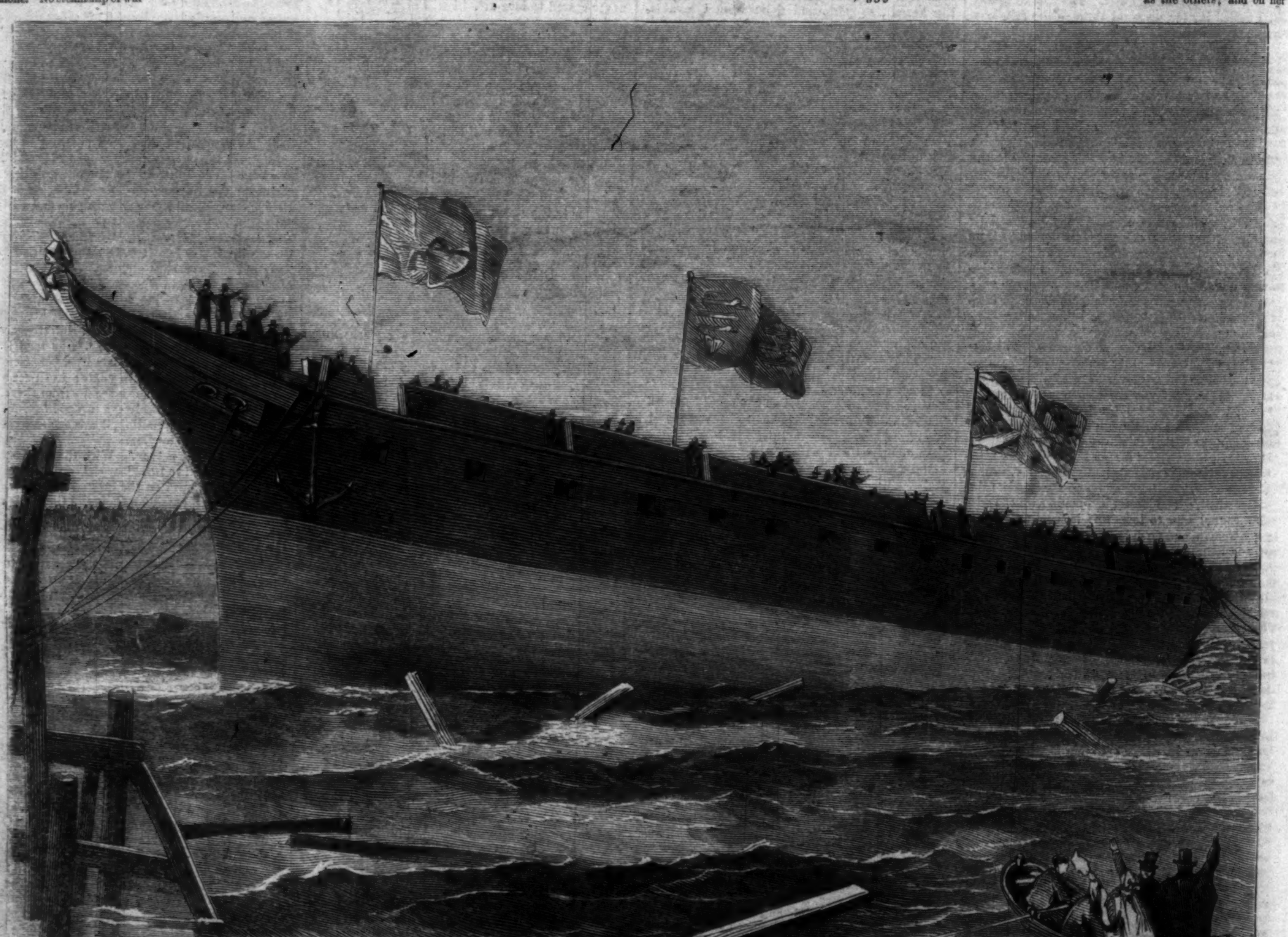
"Notwithstanding these considerations, however, it may be well to state what the armaments of the two ships are. *La Gloire* is supposed to carry 34 guns upon her main-deck, all of them 54-pounders; and two heavy shell guns forward, with an oblique screen in front of them. All her guns are, therefore, under the cover of armor. In the *Warrior*, on the other hand, only 26 are protected; but all of them are to be large 68-pounders, each weighing 100 cwt. At long range, neither ship could harm the other seriously; at short range the 68-pounders would be by far the most formidable weapons. But besides the 26 guns that are protected, the *Warrior* can, and probably will, carry 12 additional guns on the main-deck, of the same size as the others; and on her



THE NEW IRON-PLATED WAR-SHIP "LA GLOIRE" AS SHE WILL BE.—SCALE, $\frac{1}{839}$ OF FULL SIZE.



THE NEW IRON-PLATED WAR-SHIP "WARRIOR" AS SHE WILL BE.—SCALE, $\frac{1}{839}$ OF FULL SIZE



LAUNCH OF THE IRON-PLATED WAR-SHIP "WARRIOR."

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upper deck she is to have ten more mounted, making an armament of forty-eight heavy 68-pounders in all. Under many circumstances of naval warfare, the twenty-two uncovered guns (uncovered, that is, with thick plates) could be used with terrible effect—in the event, for instance, of her falling in with *La Gloire* on one of those rough days when the ports of the latter were of necessity shut and her guns idle. It should be further stated, that the guns of the *Warrior* could be fought with greater ease and rapidity, and with less exhaustion to the men, than those of *La Gloire*, because of the less crowded state of her deck. We do not know the exact height of the latter ship between decks; but we know that it is comparatively little, and that her guns are but 11 feet 6 inches apart; whereas the *Warrior* has a clear height of 6 feet 6 inches on her gun-deck, between the deck and the beams above, and her guns are no less than 15 feet 6 inches apart. The advantage in time of action of this spaciousness of the fighting-deck will be best understood by those who have fought ships oftenest.

"The enormous dimensions of the *Warrior* must have excited surprise in many minds. Although but a 36-gun, or, at the most, a 48-gun ship, she is no less than 380 feet long (420 feet over all), 58 feet broad, 26 feet draught of water, and of 6050 tons burden. Why, the general reader may well ask, has so large, and therefore so costly,* a ship been adopted? The short answer is, that the desirable qualities she possesses could not have been obtained with less proportions. Let us briefly explain why. The great primary quality demanded was a speed superior, by at least a knot or two, to that of *La Gloire*.

"Again, high speed had to be attained in combination with a shot-proof hull. Had not the proposal to leave the ends of the ship uncased been thought of, this combination would have been practically impossible, except with far greater dimensions than even the *Warrior's;* because the enormous weight of the armor would have required a corresponding displacement to support it; and this again would have needed still larger and heavier engines to drive the ship through the water. But even with her fine ends uncased, an immense weight of iron has to be supported. And this weight has not, as some suppose, been determined, in the case of the *Warrior*, by the number of guns which were to be carried. For, let it be understood, there is much more than the guns and gunners to be protected. In the *Warrior*, the engines and boilers, the magazines, shell-rooms, spirit-rooms—all the stores, in fact, that it would be dangerous to expose either to fire or to water—are placed within the shelter of the armor plates. The engines and boilers alone occupy a length of 159 feet. Here, then, we see at once that a considerable *length* of shot-proof side becomes requisite. That a great *height* of it is also necessary will be seen from the facts, first: that the ports must (as previously explained) be considerably elevated; next, that the plating must be continued down a few feet below the water-line, in order to prevent shots entering just beneath the sea's surface, or lower down when the ship is in a sea-way, or heeling under a wind; and, finally, that the armor must be carried up well above the heads of the gunners, in order to protect them properly. Further, this long and high shot-proof side has to be, from the very nature of the case, a heavy side. It consists of an ordinary (but unusually strong) iron ship's hull, outside of which are placed in opposite directions two layers of teak timber, one of 10 inches thick and the other of 8 inches, and upon the outside of this mass of timber 4½-inch iron plates are secured.

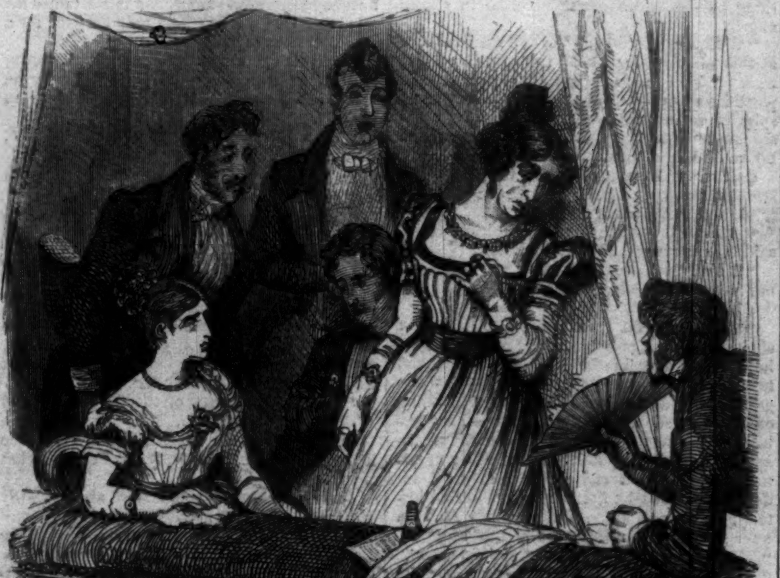
"After lengthened investigations, it was found by the designers that the iron-cased portion of the ship required to be at least 205 feet long, and that the two extremities could not satisfactorily be made less than 175 feet; giving a total length of 380 feet, or, when the projecting head and overhanging stern are added, 420 feet in all. Just within the limits of her armor, and 205 feet apart, are placed two bulkheads, or walls, extending completely across the ship, and formed almost as stoutly as her sides. They are plated externally with 4½-inch plates of iron, which extend down 9 feet below the water-line, in order that shot or shell entering the bow or stern may not pass them. As the exposed ends of the ship could not, with safety, be formed of timber, it was thought desirable to build her throughout of iron, and to make her a solid and complete structure independently of the armor-plates and their timber backing.

"Very mistaken views are held, as to the probable action of shot and shell upon her uncased extremities, by persons who have studied the *Warrior's* construction but imperfectly. In the first place, it should be understood that no apprehension of the ship there sustaining serious injury from the fire of *shells* need be entertained. The sides are all of iron; the beams are of iron; and thin iron decks are laid over the beams. The only combustible materials exposed are the plank coverings of the iron deck, and such little matters of ship furniture as may be deemed indispensable. The officers' cabins will be in the after-part of the ship, it is true, and the men's messes in the fore-part; but with the ship herself of iron, and with well-devised appliances for extinguishing such local ignition as may happen, it will be scarcely possible for fire to make progress in her. But even if it should, the main body of the ship will be perfectly proof to it; for within the plated bulkheads, and 2 feet from them, are placed inner iron bulkheads, and the spaces between are used as water compartments, so that vertical sheets of water, 2 feet thick, intervene between the body of the ship and her extremities: through these it would be impossible for fire to make its way. In the next place, there is no good ground for believing that *shot* will do much injury to the ship's extremities; except to the rudder and after sternpost, perhaps: these are the weak points in the *Warrior*, as in all other screw ships of war, notwithstanding that they have in her case been made enormously strong and heavy, for the express purpose of resisting solid shot. To suppose that any number of shot which a ship is likely to receive in action would knock either the bow or stern of such a ship as the *Warrior* to pieces, and leave the cased portion only afloat, would be to manifest great ignorance of the strength with which she is built throughout."

THE FAN.

SOME seventy years ago no name stood higher in commercial repute at Havre than that of Duravel. The founder of the house had just died at the time when we commence the story; but though the designation was altered from "Claude Duravel and Sons" to "Duravel Brothers," public trust was unshaken, even by envious conjecture. For Claude, the elder of the two sons, had for some years managed the business, and nothing could exceed the caution, and withal enterprise, of the transactions of the house under his direction, save the uniform and splendid fortune which illustrated them.

The two brothers resided in the same house, a large and *grandiose* hotel, situated in a garden profusely adorned with statues, bath-houses, balustrades, and fountains, in the Italian style, and called after their name. For four years after the father's death they continued unmarried. No differences were ever reported to have taken place between them. But things were not destined to flow long in this quiet course. One evening, at a public ball given to celebrate the most brilliant victory of the First Consul, Jerome was introduced to a certain Madame Corisande de Cardillac, who had lately appeared in the gay circles of Havre. Rumor, "painted full of tongues," told strange stories of the lady's career in the capital. Certain it was she dressed magnificently, coquetted mercilessly, played extravagantly, and consequently was the last person with whom a prudent man of business should have connected himself; but no less certain was the fact, that within six weeks from the Marengo ball she was married, *with the consent and approbation of Claude*, to Jerome Duravel.... The explanation of the puzzling words which we have put in italics is short and simple. The elder brother "consented and approved," because he could not help himself, for Jerome had no sooner made the acquaintance of the all-fascinating Corisande than he began to play largely. The circle into which he was introduced consisted of reckless men of pleasure. He was elated with the lavish flattery which they bestowed upon him, and tempted to stake enormous sums on the spinning of the roulette ball, or the hazard of the cards at lansquenet. At first the result was invariably the same. The friends of Corisande always lost, and the merchant always won. After a while the luck changed, and after the change it set in so uniformly against the merchant that he grew desperate. Then the lady herself came to the rescue, and undertook to play for him. As if by magic, the rouleaux of gold and the piles of notes passed over to her side of the table. In short, the conflict was the old one of practice and craft against ignorance and simplicity, and the former as usual won. Though she had at first, however, undertaken to play for him, the merchant was not richer for his handsome partner's gains. His petitions for his own winnings were of necessity made with a smile, and were adroitly laughed off as jests. The appetite of the Parisian for costly presents was insatiable, and Jerome found himself hopelessly involved, and after a little equivocation and evasion confessed the whole truth to Claude. At that moment, for the first time for thirty years, the house was in a critical position. Money was of great importance. One plan alone appeared feasible. The lost wealth might be regained by an alliance with the winner of it, so Corisande was married "with the consent and approbation" of Claude to Jerome Duravel.



"WILL *THIS* FAN SERVE THE PURPOSE, MADAME?"

But the partner who had once tasted of the rapture of hazard was not to be bound down again to the comparatively tardy work of legitimate traffic. The elder brother had exacted a pledge from him that he should never enter a gambling-house, or stake more than a certain conventional number of francs on a game of cards; but all this foresight was in vain; the wily Madame Duravel acquiesced readily enough in these arrangements, and even advised the elder brother to insist on taking from the younger the security of the promise, but the subject-matter of their operations only was changed. The funds were substituted for the cards. Instead of gambling they speculated.....

To the cold and calculating temper of the wife the most monstrous risks hardly gave any excitement. The agonies of expectation, the reactions of wild hope and profound despair, inflamed the impetuous temper of the husband like fiery wine. Under false names and through numerous agents they bought in and sold out of the funds, and for some time the star of Corisande was in the ascendant; but, after a while, the narrow and scarcely perceptible which separates enterprise from rashness was crossed. They ventured more and more recklessly. Failure succeeded failure. The politics of the day were full of surprises. A superstitious trust in the fortune of Napoleon had been almost the only guiding principle in Corisande's creed, but long after this was proved fallacious the devotee clung to her faith. Meanwhile, entirely ignorant of the events which were happening under his eyes, Claude Duravel continued to attend regularly at his office, to direct the legitimate transactions of the firm; to dictate its foreign correspondence, and to watch the fidelity of its servants.

So things slipped on for five years, all externally calm and secure; but in that time none can tell the strange vicissitudes of anxiety and exultation through which Jerome passed!

Suddenly, one morning, in the October of 1804, a strange and startling report spread over Havre! It was caught up, and passed like lightning from mouth to mouth. All was uncertainty and conjecture, but one fact—Monsieur Claude Duravel had disappeared, and was nowhere to be found. The authorities, and the missing man's relatives who investigated the affair, could only glean very scanty particulars. On the morning of the 18th of October the unfortunate man had been at the counting-house as usual. He had looked exactly as he generally looked, and had done his work in precisely the accustomed manner. About four o'clock he went home, dined alone, as his brother and his wife were out of town, after dinner sat reading for an hour or so. Later than this there was no decided information. One of the servants, an under-gardener, thought he had observed him pass through the orangery, but was not positive. It was certain he rang the bell for the dessert to be removed, and the footman who answered the summons was the last person who swore to seeing him. Jerome and his wife made every effort to find the lost. Large rewards were offered to the person who should discover any clew, however slender. The lake in the grounds was dragged. The vessels leaving the port were searched. The haunts of desperadoes in the city thoroughly scoured. But money, time, and diligence were all wasted. The police left the matter as they found it, an unsolved enigma!

And so, after the usual time, public interest cooled. The house of Duravel stood as firm as ever; so the idea that pecuniary embarrassment had any thing to do with Claude's disappearance was proved to be baseless: but after a time it was given out that Jerome's health would not allow him to take an active part in the management. Personal friends hinted that his illness, a nervous complaint, was principally caused by domestic chagrins. From some cause or other he aged rapidly. At last he withdrew from the business entirely, and left Havre with his wife. The first news of them was that they were at the baths of Lucca, since, as his physicians prescribed a warm air, and Jerome was both a connoisseur and an artist, Italy had two recommendations. A second report stated that the husband and wife had separated by mutual consent. This story caused a little gossip among their old friends; but the absent are soon forgotten, and their names were hardly ever mentioned.

Twenty years are passed, and we stand in one of the best private boxes in the grand opera at Paris. The performances are under the patronage of royalty, and the house is in a blaze of costly jewels and gay uniforms. As ever, the house is the great spectacle, and the box wherein we have taken our stand a special focus of attraction. Not from the splendid rank and dazzling beauty of its occupant, but from her extraordinary reputation for wealth and political influences. Time has worked great changes in the face, yet those who were present at the Marengo ball at Havre would recognize in the painted, and powdered, and essenced dowager the features of Corisande de Cardillac. Two or three special favorites only are admitted into her society, but with these she exchanges repartees, jests, satire, criticism. She is one of the autocrats of the world of art; her bouquet is anxiously looked for by the débutante, for thirty more will follow it. To-night all notice that she is in unusually good spirits.

The curtain rises. One of the veterans of the lyric stage opens the act with a song. It is a marvel of correct vocalization. The house is in a new excitement. The dowager is in an unusual difficulty; she has flung away all her bouquets.

"That rose out of your neck, Eugénie," said the lady to a lovely girl who sits next her. "I never heard Z—— in such voice; and, for the first time in his life, he acts as well as he sings. Quick—that rose, child! He will value it more than all the bracelets from his Majesty's box, I know."

The girl blushed and hesitated. Madame Duravel in an instant divined the cause: "Oh, *somebody* put the rose there, did he? How naughty of me not to remember it. Well, I suppose a bracelet must go. Why—*Mon Dieu!* I have given that little rogue of a danseuse my emeralds already."

"You must tell Z—— to-morrow, aunt; that will do as well."

"Oh no! He must have something from the Duravel. What! No bouquets, ladies!—no bouquets, gentlemen! I shall have to throw my fan at him, I protest. Where is it, child? It has 'Alexander's Feast' painted on it, and he will fancy the compliment intentional!"

The looked-for fan, however, could not be found at the moment. The compliant cavaliers sought in vain under play-bills and opera-cloaks.

Suddenly a strangely deep voice, close in the lady's ear, uttered the sentence:

"Will *this* fan serve the purpose, Madame?"

The speaker was the grave-looking man, whose grave face and persistent gaze had annoyed the dowager a moment before.

He leaned over from the next box and presented an open fan. Madame Duravel gazed at the toy he tendered her for a space, wherein you might perhaps have counted sixty; then her face grew too ashy white for the artificial glow on her cheek to be of any avail. Her eyes stared with a hideous fixity of gaze, her jeweled fingers clutched her dress like the hands of one in the death-struggle. She uttered a strange harsh shriek and fell down senseless on the floor. All crowded round her. The gentlemen would have made way for Eugénie and the attendants, but the dark man kept close to the insensible body of Corisande. There were a few hurried cries of alarm. Some fancied a subtle poison had been administered in the fan, and called out for the arrest of the person who had presented it. Cries of "silence!" arose from all parts of the theatre. The actors stopped, and at last—though not till some time had passed—the group of people in the Duravel box succeeded in bearing the dowager to a lobby. There strong convulsive fits seized her; and after in vain trying all the means of recovery, which the ability of half a dozen of the first Parisian physicians who chanced to be among the audience could suggest, she was carried to her hotel. .... Directly the stiff fingers of the prostrate woman released it, a gentleman, whose curiosity overmastered his fears, picked up and examined the fatal fan. Its handle was ivory, of curious workmanship, and on it was a picture of an Italian-looking bath-house in a garden. Beneath the landscape were inscribed the initials "C. D.," and the date "October 18, 1810." There was nothing about the gift apparently to excite the extraordinary emotion which it had been the means of evoking!

All Paris next morning was busy with various versions of the accident to the autocrat of the fashionable world. As twenty years before in Havre, rumor, romance, and exaggeration fastened themselves on the name of Duravel. Some said the veteran coquette had fainted at the sight of an old lover. Some attached themselves to the first theory of a mysterious poison, and saw in the affair a tragedy worthy of Brinvilliers or Borgia. Others hinted that the celebrated gambler had been arrested for debt. These and a dozen other fictions occupied the salons during the mornings, but, about noon, truth began to rise to the surface from the bottom of the well, and it became known that the gentleman with the harsh voice—the giver of the fan—was an officer of justice acting under instructions, and that Madame Corisande Duravel, who had partially recovered her senses, was, at that moment, under examination at the Bureau of the superintendent of police, and that the charge against her was murder!

The sequel must be stated in a few words. The day before the scene at the Grand Opera a poor man, miserably dressed and apparently worn out with a long journey on foot, arrived at a low cabaret in the Faubourg St. Antoine. He engaged a bed for a few sous. In the night he was taken dangerously ill, and raved in such a wild and incoherent manner that the other lodgers demanded that he should be turned out. The landlady, however, was more humane, and sent for a priest. There was some delay in procuring one, and in the mean time an officer of police called at the cabaret to see after some other lodger. The person he wanted was hiding in the same room as the delirious man, and the officer when engaged in securing the one overhead the outcries of the other. He was struck by some few words which the poor wretch repeated over and over again, especially by his mention of a fan which he wanted to present to Madame Duravel, for the name of the Dowager had been mixed up with more than one plot, and she was herself, though perfectly unconscious of it, under strict surveillance. Though the ravings of the old man were vague and contradictory in the extreme, the practiced detective contrived to elicit that it was the dearest wish of the dying man's heart to present the fan which was wrapped up in his ragged little valise to the celebrated queen of fashion. The officer reported what he had heard to his chief, and by his instructions took the fan from the old man, dressed himself in evening costume, secured a box next to the Duravel, and in the manner we have described carried out the old man's wish. Very different from that which was anticipated was the discovery thereby elicited. They expected to detect some semi-political, semi-mercantile intrigue, and fancied the presentation of the fan a signal for some experiment on the funds. It really was the spell to give voice to a conscience long dumb—the key to unlock a fearful mystery! It had been proposed to confront the lodger at the cabaret with Corisande, but he breathed his last an hour before the examination was to have come on. His pocket-book, in the front page of which was written the name "Claude Duravel," contained a diary, partly written, partly expressed in symbols. But from a few intelligible sentences the superintendent was enabled to put such questions to Madame Duravel as made her imagine him in possession of the whole truth, and led to a full confession of her guilt. Soon after her marriage she had speculated, as we know, most recklessly. There was no way to meet the claims upon her husband save to appropriate the money of the firm; this could not be done without Claude being a party to it, and Jerome, always a coward, was afraid to confess the truth to him. The demands for money grew each day more and more pressing. A fiendish idea possessed the adventuress, and the execution followed quick on the conception. She and her husband left Havre for a neighboring watering-place, but returned secretly after proceeding half way: they knew the habits of Claude, and timed their return so as to meet him in a secluded corner of the shrubbery. His brother struck him down with a heavy iron bar, and the wife buried a knife in his breast. They concealed the body in the disused bath-house near the orangery.

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* The *Warrior* will probably cost, when complete, £350,000.

After the crime the two had lived a wretched life, the woman perpetually dreading lest her husband's conscience should prompt him to some rash revelation. She had therefore labored to get rid of him, and had succeeded in her object. He had for a while depended on the supplies of money liberally forwarded on the condition of his keeping out of France; but at last he had become superstitiously fearful of receiving the wages of guilt, and had professed to toil for his bread. He had possessed, as we know, some talent as a painter, and had sustained himself by ornamenting hand-screens and fans. As a self-imposed penance he had painted one with the scene which was charactered in his memory in indelible lines, and he had hoped that he might, by suddenly presenting this to his more hardened accomplice, alarm her into confession and repentance. It was, however, ordered that this new Clytemnestra should not escape with the punishment of conscience and the penances of religion. Public indignation, indeed, scarcely allowed the authorities to go through the forms of justice. Strong guards of chasseurs and gens d'armes were required to restrain the mob from tearing the prisoner to pieces as she proceeded to and from the place of trial. The people waited in breathless excitement the answer to the message sent to the authorities at Havre. At last it came with all its fullness of confirmation. The stones of the bath-house had been removed, and beneath a mass of rubbish since accumulated were found the mouldering bones of a human skeleton.

Two days after the receipt of the message Corisande Duravel was guillotined.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

I am obliged to acknowledge that I was vainglorious enough to accept a seat in the Crofton carriage on the morning of the departure, and accompany them for a mile or so of the way—even at the price of returning on foot—just that I might show myself to the landlady and that odious old waiter in a position of eminence, and make them do a bitter penance for the insults they had heaped on an illustrious stranger. It was a poor and a paltry triumph, and over very contemptible adversaries, but I could not refuse it to myself. Crofton, too, contributed largely to the success of my little scheme, by insisting that I should take the place beside his sister, while he sat with his back to the horses, and though I refused at first, I acceded at last, with the bland compliance of a man who feels himself once more in his accustomed station.

As throughout this true history I have candidly revealed the inmost traits of my nature—well knowing the while how deteriorating such innate analogy must prove—I have ever felt that he who has small claims to interest by the events of his life can make some compensation to the world by an honest exposure of his motives, his weaknesses, and his struggles. Now my present confession is made in this spirit, and is not absolutely without its moral, for, as the adage tells us, "Look after the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves;" so would I say, Guard yourself carefully against petty vices. You and I, most esteemed reader, are—I trust fervently—little likely to be arraigned on a capital charge. I hope sincerely that transportable felonies, and even misdemeanors, may not picture among the accidents of our life; such like are the pounds that take care of themselves, but the "small pence," which require looking after, are little envies, and jealousies, and rancors, petty snobberies of display, small exhibitions of our being better than this man or greater than that; these, I repeat to you, accumulate on a man's nature just the way barnacles fasten on a ship's bottom—from mere time, and it is wonderful what damage can come of such paltry obstacles.

I very much doubt if a Roman conqueror regarded the chained captive who followed his chariot with a more supreme pride than I bestowed upon that miserable old waiter who now bowed himself to the ground before me, and when I ordered my dinner for four o'clock, and said, that probably I might have a friend to dine with me, his humiliation was complete.

"I wish I knew the secret of your staying here," said Mary Crofton, as we drove along; "why will you not tell it?"

"Perhaps it might prove indiscreet, Mary; our friend Potts may have become a 'mauvais sujet' since we have seen him last?"

I wrapped myself in a mysterious silence, and only smiled.

"Lindau, of all places to stop at!" resumed she, pettishly. "There is nothing remarkable in the scenery, no art treasures, nothing socially agreeable; what can it possibly be that detains you in such a place?"

"My dear Mary," said Crofton, "you are, without knowing it, violating a hallowed principle; you are no less than leading into temptation. Look at poor Potts there, and you will see that while he knows in his inmost heart the secret which detains him here is some passing and insignificant circumstance unworthy of mention, you have, by imparting to it a certain importance, suggested to his mind the necessity of a story; give him now but five minutes to collect himself, and I'll engage that he will 'come out' with a romantic incident that would never have seen the light but for a woman's curiosity."

"Good Heavens!" thought I, "can this be a true interpretation of my character? Am I the weak and impressionable creature this would bespeak me?" I must have blushed deeply at my own reflection, for Crofton quickly added,

"Don't get angry with me, Potts, any more than you would with a friend who'd say, 'Take care how you pass over that bridge, I know it is rotten and must give way.'"

"Let me answer you," said I, courageously, for I was acutely hurt to be thus arraigned before another. "It is more than likely that you, with your active habits and stirring notions of life, would lean very heavily on him who, neither wanting riches nor honors, would adopt some simple sort of dreary existence, and think that the green alleys of the beach wood, or the little path beside the river, pleasanter sauntering than the gilded ante-chamber of a palace; and just as likely is it that you would take him roundly to task about wasted opportunities and misapplied talents, and stigmatize as inglorious indolence what might as possibly be called a contented humility. Now I would ask you, why should one man be the measure of another? The load you could carry with ease might serve to crush me, and yet there may be some light burdens that would sink *my* strength, and in bearing which I might taste a sense of duty grateful as your own."

"I have no patience with you," began Crofton, warmly; but his sister stopped him with an imploring look, and then, turning to me, said:

"Edward fancies that every one can be as energetic and active as himself, and occasionally forgets what you have just so well remarked as to the relative capacities of different people."

"I want him to do something, to be something besides a dreamer!" burst he in almost angrily.

"Well, then," said I, you shall see me begin at this moment, for I shall get down here and walk briskly back to the town." I called to the postillions to pull up at the same time, and in spite of remonstrances, entreaties—almost beseechings from Mary Crofton—I persisted in my resolve, and bade them farewell.

Crofton was so much hurt that he could scarcely speak, and when he gave me his hand, it was in the coldest of manners.

"But you'll keep our rendezvous, won't you?" said Mary; "we shall meet at Rome?"

"I really wonder, Mary, how you can force our acquaintanceship where it is so palpably declined. Good-by—farewell," said he to me.

"Good-by," said I, with a gulp that almost choked me; and away drove the carriage, leaving me standing in the train of dust it had raised. Every crack of the postboys' whips gave me a shock as though I had felt the thong on my own shoulders; and, at last, as sweeping round a turn of the road the carriage disappeared from view, such was the sense of utter desolation that came over me, that I sat down on a stone by the wayside and cried bitterly. I do not know if I ever felt such an utter sense of destitution as at that moment. "What a wealth of friends must a man possess," thought I, "who can afford to squander them in this fashion! How could I have repelled the counsels that kindness alone could have prompted? Surely Crofton must know far more of life than I did?" From this, I went on to inquire why it was that the world showed itself so unforgiving to idleness in men of small fortune, since, if no burden to the community, they ought to be as free as their richer brethren. It was a puzzling theme, and though I revolved it long, I made but little of it, the only solution that occurred to me was, that the idleness of the humble man is not relieved by the splendors and luxuries which surround a rich man's leisure, and that the world resents the pretension of ease unassociated with riches. In what a profound philosophy was it, then, that Diogenes rolled his tub about the streets! there was a mock purpose in the act that must have flattered his fellow-citizens. I feel assured that a great deal of the butterfly-hunting and beetle-gathering that we see around us is done in this spirit. They are a set of idle folk anxious to indulge their indolence without reproach.

Thus pondering and musing, I strolled back to the town. So still and silent was it, so free from all movement of traffic or business, that I was actually in the very centre of it without knowing it. There were streets without passengers, and shops without customers, and even cafés without guests, and I wondered within myself why people should thus congregate to do nothing, and I rambled on from street to alley, and from alley to lane, never chancing upon one who had any thing on hand. At last I gained the side of the lake, along which a little quay ran for some distance, ending in a sort of terraced walk, now grass-grown and neglected. There were at least the charms of fresh air and scenery here, though the worthy citizens seemed to hold them cheaply, and I rambled along to the end, where, by a broad flight of steps, the terrace communicated with the lake; a spot, doubtless, where, once on a time, the burghers took the water and went out a pleasuring with fat frans and franleins. I had reached the end and was about to turn back again, when I caught sight of a man seated on one of the lower steps employed in watching two little toy ships which he had just launched. Now this seemed to me the very climax of indolence, and I sat myself down on the parapet to observe him. His proceedings were indeed of the strangest; for as there was no wind to fill the sails, and his vessels lay still and becalmed, he appeared to have bethought him of another mode to impart interest to them. He weighted one of them with little stones till she brought her gunwale level with the water, and then pressing her down gently with his hand he made her sink slowly down to the bottom. I'm not quite certain whether I laughed outright, or that some exclamation escaped me as I looked, but some noise I must unquestionably have made, for he started and turned up his head, and I saw Harpar, the Englishman whom I had met the day before at Constance.

"Well, you're not much the wiser after all," said he, gruffly, and without ever saluting me.

There was in the words, and the fierce expression of his face, something that made me suspect him of insanity, and I would willingly have retired without reply had he not risen and approached me.

"Eh," repeated he, with a sneer, "ain't I right? You can make nothing of it?"

"I really don't understand you!" said I. "I came down here by the merest accident, and never was more astonished than to see you here."

"Oh, of course; I am well used to that sort of thing," went he on in the same tone of scoff. "I've had some experience of these kinds of accidents before; but, as I said, it's no use, you're not within one thousand miles of it, no, nor any man in Europe."

It was quite clear to me now that he *was* mad, and my only care was to get speedily clear of him.

"I'm not surprised," said I, with an assumed ease—"I'm not surprised at your having taken to so simple an amusement, for really in a place so dull as this any mode of passing the time would be welcome."

"Simple enough when you know it," said he, with a peculiar look.

"You arrived last night, I suppose?" said I, eager to get conversation into some pleasanter channel.

"Yes, I got here very late. I had the misfortune to sprain my ankle, and this detained me a long time on the way, and may keep me for a couple of days more."

I learned where he was stopping in the town, and seeing with what pain and difficulty he moved, I offered him my aid to assist him on his way.

"Well, I'll not refuse your help," said he, dryly; "but just go along yonder, about five-and-twenty and thirty yards, and I'll join you. You understand me, I suppose?"

Now I really did not understand him, except to believe him perfectly insane, and to suggest to me the notion of profiting by his lameness to make my escape with all speed. I conclude some generous promptings opposed this course, for I obeyed his injunctions to the very letter, and waited till he came up to me. He did so very slowly, and evidently in much suffering, assisted by a stick in one hand while he carried his two little boats in the other.

"Shall I take charge of these for you?" said I, offering to carry them.

"No, don't trouble yourself," said he, in the same rude tone. "Nobody touches these but myself."

I now gave him my arm and we moved slowly along.

"What has become of the vagabonds? Are they here with you?" asked he, abruptly.

"I parted with them yesterday," said I, shortly, and not wishing to enter into further explanations.

"And you did wisely," rejoined he, with a serious air. "Even when these sort of creatures have nothing very bad about them, they are bad company, out of the hap-hazard chance way they gain a livelihood. If you reduce life to a game, you must yourself become a gambler. Now, there's one feature of that sort of existence intolerable to an honest man: it is, that to win himself, some one else must lose. Do you understand me?"

"I do, and am much struck by what you say."

"In that case," said he, with a nudge of his elbow against my side—"in that case you might as well have not come down to watch *me!* eh?"

I protested stoutly against this mistake, but I could plainly perceive with very little success.

"Let it be, let it be," said he, with a shake of the head. "As I said before, if you saw the thing done before your eyes you'd make nothing of it. I'm not afraid of you, or all the men in Europe! There now, there's a challenge to the whole of ye! Sit down every man of ye, with the problem before ye, and see what you'll make of it."

"Ah," thought I, "this is madness. Here is a poor monomaniac led away into the land of wild thoughts and fancies by one dominating caprice; who knows whether out of the realm of this delusion he may not be a man acute and sensible?"

"No, no," muttered he, half aloud; "there are, maybe, half a million of men this moment manufacturing steam-engines; but it took one head, just one head, to set them all a working, and if it wasn't for old Watt, the world at this day wouldn't be five miles in advance of what it was a century back. I see," added he, after a moment, "you don't take much interest in these sort of things. *Your* line of parts is the walking gentleman, eh? Well, bear in mind it don't pay; no, Sir, it don't pay! Here, this is my way; my lodging is down this lane. I'll not ask you to come further; thank you for your help, and good-by."

"Let us not part here; come up to the inn and dine with me," said I, affecting his own blunt and abrupt manner.

"Why should *I* dine with *you?*" asked he, roughly.

"I can't exactly say," stammered I, "except out of good fellowship—just as, for instance, I accepted your invitation t'other morning to breakfast."

"Ah, yes, to be sure, so you did. Well, I'll come. We shall be all alone, I suppose?"

"Quite alone."

"All right, for I have no coat but this one!" and he looked down at the coarse sleeve as he spoke, with a strange and sad smile, and then waving his hand in token of farewell, he said, "I'll join you in half an hour," and disappeared up the lane.

I have already owned that I did not like this man; he had a certain short abrupt way that repelled me at every moment. When he differed in opinion with me he was not satisfied to record his dissent, but he must set about demolishing my conviction, and this sort of intolerance pervaded all he said. There was, too, that business-like, practical tone about him, that jars fearfully on the sensitive fibre of the idler's nature.

It was exactly in proportion as his society was distasteful to me that I felt a species of pride in associating with him, as though to say, "I am not one of those who must be fawned on and flattered. I am of a healthier and manlier stamp; I can afford to hear my judgments arraigned, and my opinions opposed." And in this humor I ascended the stairs of the hotel, and entered the room where our table was already laid out.

To compensate, so far as they could, for the rude reception of the day before, they had given me now the "grand apartment" of the inn, which, by a long balcony, looked over the lake and that fine mountain range that leads to the Splugen pass. A beautiful bouquet of fresh flowers ornamented the centre of the small dinner-table, tastily decked with Bohemian glass, and napkins with lace borders. I rather liked this little display of elegance. It was a sort of ally on my side against the utilitarian plainness of my guest.

As I walked up and down the room, awaiting his arrival, I could not help a sigh, and a very deep one too, over the thought of what had been my enjoyment that moment if my guest had been one of a different temperament—a man willing to take me on my own showing, and ready to accept any version I should like to give of myself. How gracefully, how charmingly I could have played the host to such a man! What vigor would it have imparted to my imagination—what brilliancy to my fancy! With what a princely grace might I have dispensed my hospitalities, as though such occasions were the daily habit of my life; whereas a dinner with Harpar would be nothing more or less than an airing with a "slave in the chariot"—a perpetual reminder, like the face of a poor relation, that my lot was cast in a humble sphere, and it was no use trying to disguise it.

"What's all this for?" said Harpar's harsh voice, as he entered the room. "Why didn't you order our mutton-chop below stairs in the common room, and not a banquet in this fashion? You must be well aware I couldn't do this sort of thing by *you*. Why, then, have you attempted it with *me?*"

"I have always thought it was a host's prerogative," said I, meekly, "to be the arbiter of his own entertainment."

"So it might where he was the arbiter of his purse; but you know well enough neither you nor I have any pretension to these costly ways, and they have this disadvantage, that they make all intercourse stolid and unnatural. If you and I had to sit down to table, dressed in court suits, with wigs and bags, ain't it likely we'd be easy and cordial together? Well, this is precisely the same."

"I am really sorry," said I, with a forced appearance of courtesy, "to have incurred so severe a lesson; but you must allow me this one transgression before I begin to profit by it." And so saying, I rang the bell and ordered dinner.

Harpar made no reply, but walked the room, with his hands deep in his pockets, humming a tune to himself as he went.

At last we sat down at table; every thing was excellent and admirably served, but we ate on in silence, not a syllable exchanged between us. As the dessert appeared I tried to open conversation. I affected to seem easy and unconcerned, but the cold half stern look of my companion repelled all my attempts, and I sat very sad and much discouraged sipping my wine.

"May I order some brandy-and-water? I like it better than these French wines," asked he, abruptly; and, as I arose to ring for it, he added, "and you'll not object to my having a pipe of strong Cavendish?" And therewith he produced a leather bag and a very much smoked meerschaum, short and ungainly as his own figure. As he thrust his hand into the pouch a small boat, about the size of a lady's thimble, rolled out from amidst the tobacco, and he quickly took it and placed it in his waistcoat pocket—the act being done with a sort of hurry that with a man of less self-possession might have perhaps evinced confusion.

"You fancy you've seen something, don't you?" said he, with a defiant laugh. "I'd wager a five-pound note, if I had one, that you think at this moment you have made a great discovery. Well, there it is, make much of it!" As he spoke, he produced the little boat and laid it down before me. I own that this speech and the act convinced me that he was insane; I was aware that intense suspectfulness is the great characteristic of madness, and every thing tended to show that he was deranged.

Rather to conceal what was passing in my own mind than out of any curiosity I took up the little toy to examine it. It was beautifully made, and finished with a most perfect neatness; the only thing I could not understand being four small holes on each side of the keel, fastened by four little plugs.

"What are these for?" asked I.

"Can't you guess?" said he, laughingly.

"No; I have never seen such before."

"Well," said he, musingly, "perhaps they *are* puzzling—I suppose they are. But mayhap, too, if I thought you'd guess the meaning, I'd not have been so ready to show it to you." And with this he replaced the boat in his pocket and smoked away. "You ain't a genius, my worthy friend—that's a fact," said he, sententiously.

"I opine that the same judgment might be passed upon a great many?" said I, testily.

"No," continued he, following on his own thoughts, without heeding my remark, "*you*'ll not set the Thames afire."

"Is that the best test of a man's ability?" asked I, sneeringly.

"You're the sort of fellow that ought to be—let us see now what you ought to be—yes, you're just the stamp of man for an apothecary."

"You are so charming in your frankness," said I, "that you almost tempt me to imitate you."

"And why not? sure we oughtn't to talk to each other like two devils in waiting. Out with what you have to say."

"I was just thinking," said I—"led to it by that speculative turn of yours—I was just thinking in what station *your* abilities would have preeminently distinguished you."

"Well, have you hit it?"

"I'm not quite certain," said I, trying to screw up my courage for an impertinence, "but I half suspect that in our great national works—our lines of railroad, for instance—there must be a strong infusion of men with tastes and habits resembling yours."

"You mean the navvies?" broke he in. "You're right, I was a navvy once; I turned the first spadeful of earth on the Coppleston Junction, and, seeing what a good thing might be made of it, I suggested task-work to my comrades, and we netted from four-and-six to five shillings a day, each. In eight months after I was made an inspector; so that you see strong sinews can be good allies to a strong head and a stout will."

I do not believe that the most angry rebuke, the most sarcastic rejoinder, could have covered me with a tenth part of the shame and confusion than did these few quiet words. I'd have given worlds, if I had them, to make a due reparation for my rudeness, but I knew not how to accomplish it. I looked in his face to read, if I might, some trait by which his nature could be approached; but I might as well have gazed at a line of railroad to guess the sort of town that it led to. The stern, rugged, bold countenance seemed to imply little else than daring and determination, and I could not but wonder how I had ever dared to take a liberty with one of his stamp.

"Well," said I, at last, and wishing to lead him back to his story, "and after being made inspector—"

"You can speak German well," said he, totally inattentive to my question; "just ask one of these people when there will be any conveyance from this to Ragatz."

"Ragatz of all places!" exclaimed I.

"Yes; they tell me it's good for the rheumatics, and I have got some old shoulder pains I'd like to shake off before winter. And then this sprain too: I foresee I shall not be able to walk much for some days to come."

"Ragatz is on my road; I'm about to cross the Splugen into Italy; I'll bear you company so far, if you have no objection."

"Well, it may not seem civil to say it, but I have an objection," said he, rising from the table. "When I've got weighty things on my mind I've a bad habit of talking of them to myself aloud. I can't help it, and so I keep strictly alone till my plans are all fixed and settled; after that, there's no danger of my revealing them to any one. There now, you have my reason, and you'll not dispute that it's a good one."

"You may not be too distrustful of yourself," said I, laughing, "but assuredly you are far too flattering in your estimate of *my* acuteness."

"I'll not risk it," said he, bluntly, as he sought for his hat.

"Wait a moment," said I. "You told me at Constance that you were in want of money; at the time I was not exactly in funds myself. Yesterday, however, I received a remittance, and if ten or twenty pounds be of any service, they are heartily at your disposal."

He looked at me fixedly, almost sternly, for a minute or two, and then said,

"Is this true, or is it that you have changed your mind about me?"

"True," said I, "strictly true."

"Will this loan—I mean it to be a loan—inconvenience you much?"

"No, no, I make you the offer freely."

"I take it, then. Let me have ten pounds; and write down there an address where I am to remit it some day or other, though I can't say when."

"There may be some difficulty about that," said I. "Stay, I mean to be at Rome some time in the winter; send it to me there."

"To what banker?"

"I have no banker, I never had a banker. There's my name, and let the post-office be the address."

"Whichever way you're bent on going you're not on the road to be a rich man," said Harpar, as he deposited my gold in his leather purse; "but I hope you'll not lose by me. Good-by." He gave me his hand, not very warmly or cordially either, and was gone ere I well knew it.

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